Vol. CXLII. No. 1846.

The BYSTANDER

FLYING NUMBER 1/-

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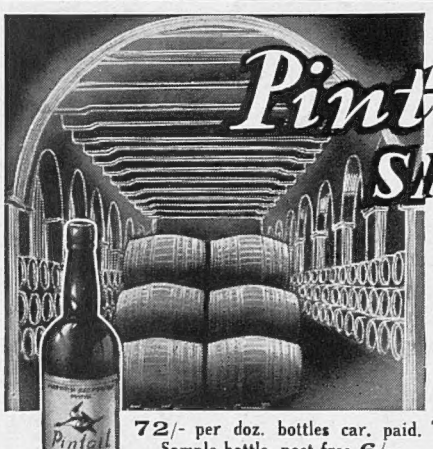

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Lausanne.—Hotel Royal.—Super first class. Unriv. sit. Sunny park. All rooms with priv. lav. Ex. cooking. Inc. terms from Frs. 16.

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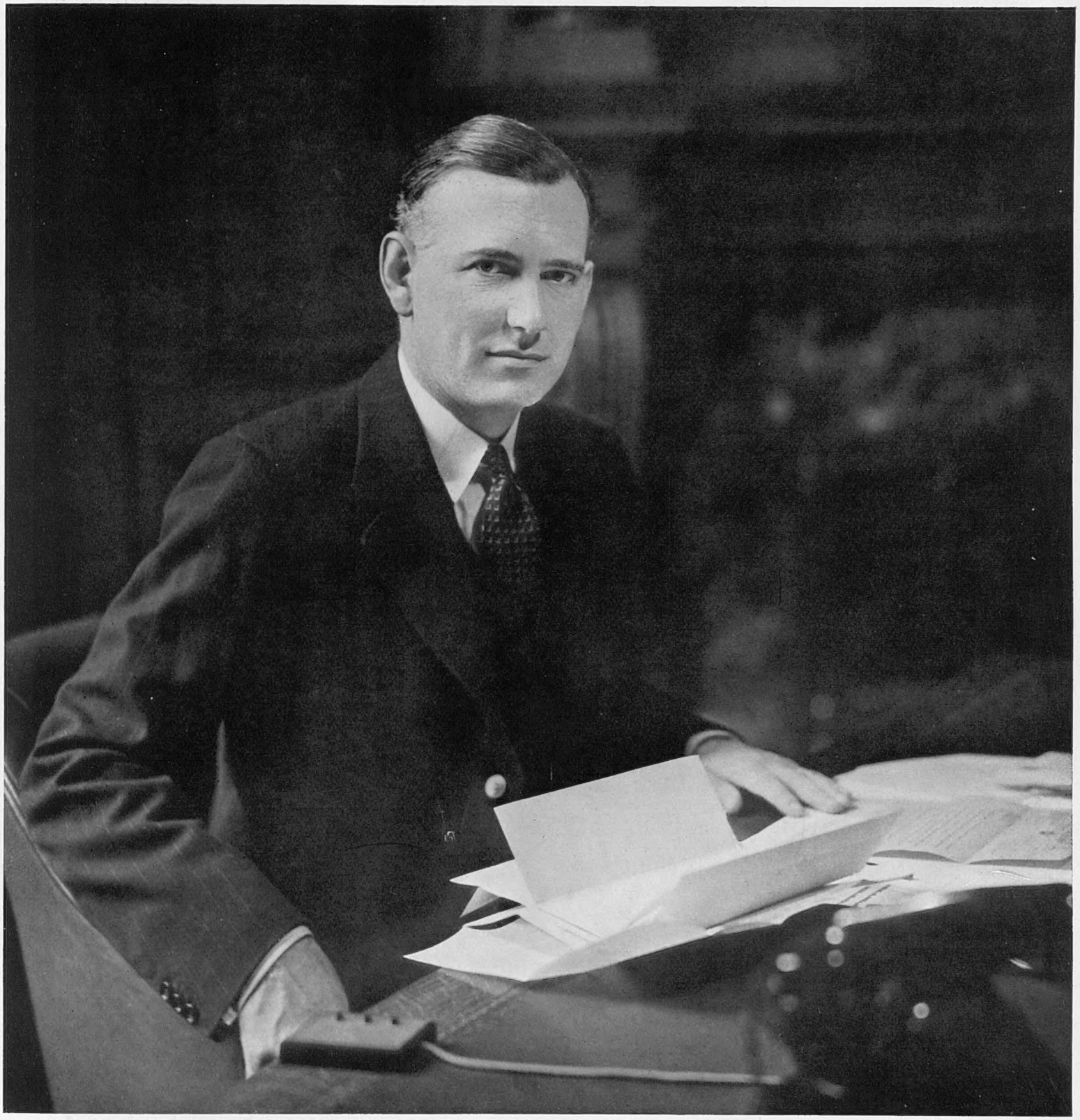
Zurich.—Hotel Bellerive au Lac.—Finest sit. at the entrance to Swiss Nat. Exhibition. Open-air terrace con. with Restaurant & bar.

The Bystander, May 3, 1939 No. 1846. Vol. CXLII.

The Bystander



Howard Coster, F.R.S.A.

Captain H. H. Balfour, M.C., M.P.

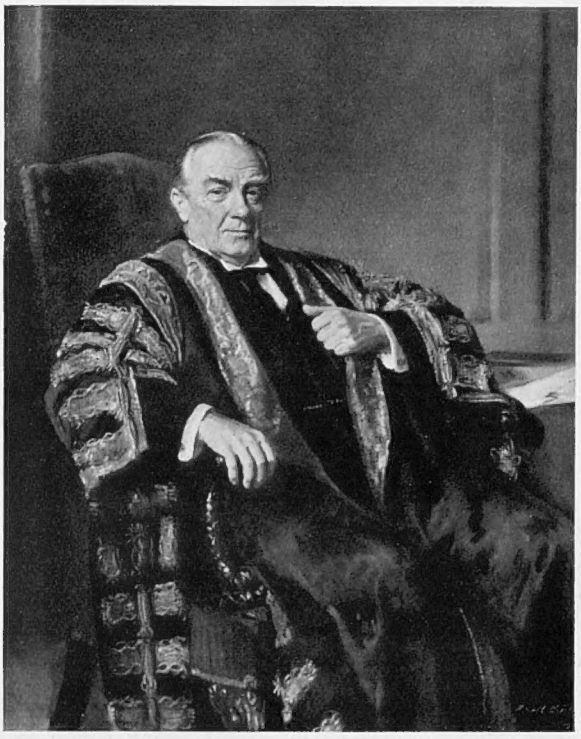
Since his appointment as Under-Secretary of State for Air, in May 1938, Captain Balfour has set a standard which other Ministers will find difficult to follow. He has piloted the "Hurricane," the "Spitfire," and other modern single-seater fighters, yet his Brevet dates back to 1915. He was awarded the Military Cross and Bar whilst serving with the Royal Flying Corps, being credited with bringing down eleven enemy aircraft on the Western Front, and he remained in the R.A.F. until 1923. His intimate knowledge of aviation has been of special value to the Air Ministry during the past critical year, and amongst other things the Civil Air Guard scheme was due largely to his initiative. He has represented the Thanet Division of Kent since 1929, being returned unopposed at the last election

"Old Bill" Sees the World: By Capt. Bruce Bairnsfather

"Now 'ere's Greece, there's Gibraltar, 'ere's Turkey, and 'ere's . . . . .
Hey! Put that down, fat'ead! Yer drinkin' the Dardanelles!"

The Royal Academy, 1939

Four Portraits of Famous Men



Earl Baldwin of Bewdley, by Oswald Birley

The summer exhibition of the Royal Academy of Arts was seen by the critics and the press and the chosen few last week, and is now open to the public. The change of the presidency (from Sir William Llewellyn to Sir Edwin Lutyens) has produced no violent change on the walls of Burlington House; the usual carpers arose to say the Academy looked "just the same as ever," while others found striking signs of this or that tendency in this or that picture. The "Bystander" selection appears here and on pages 174-5

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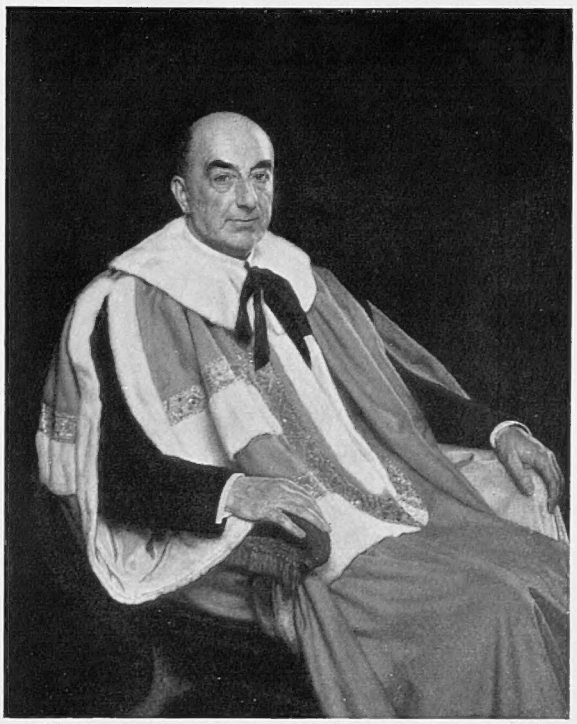
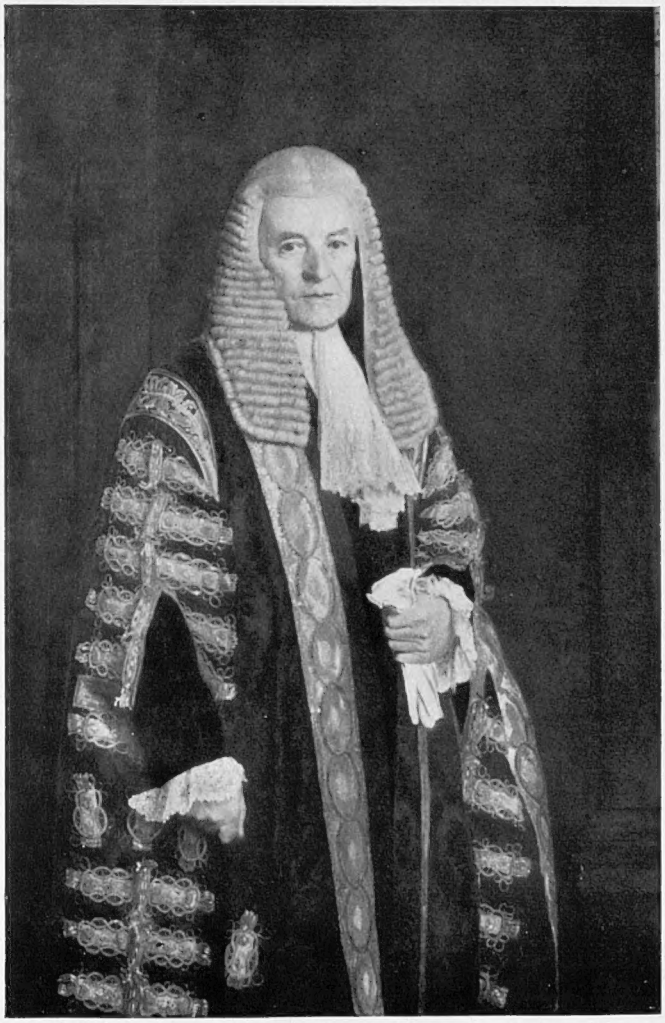
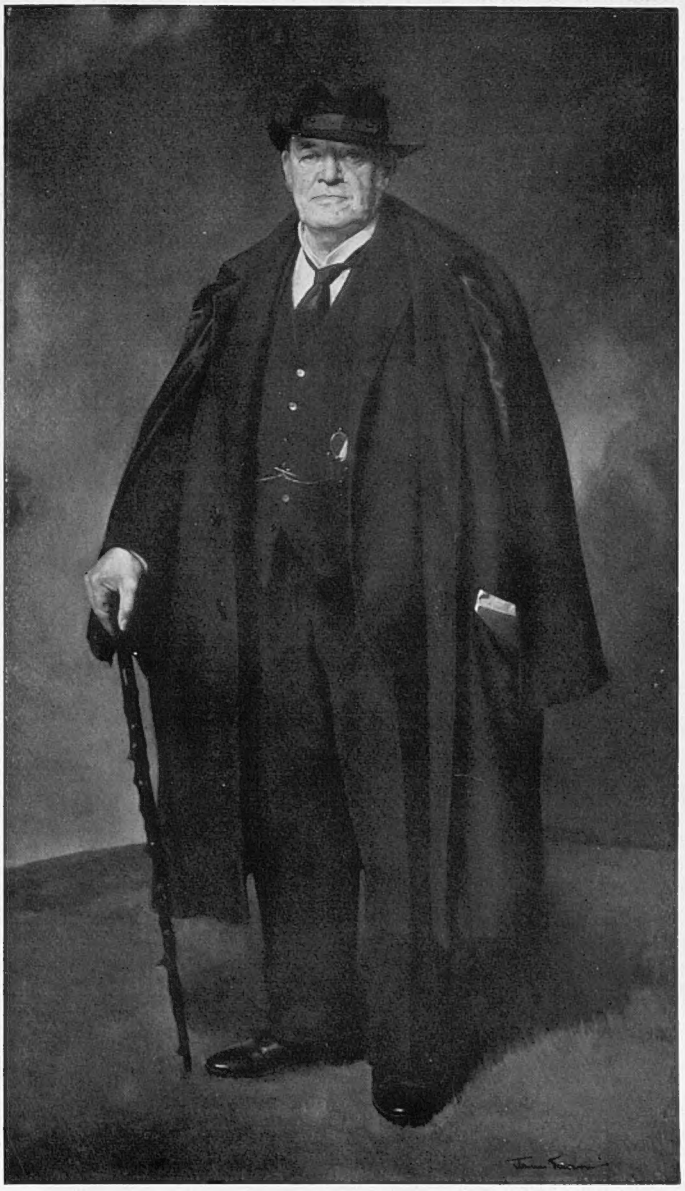


Lord McGowan, by Harold Knight, R.A.



The Lord Chancellor, by Gerald Kelly, R.A.



Hilaire Belloc, by James Gunn

New York Letter

By Lorine Pruette

Fair News

As I write this, it is still two weeks before the Fair to End All Fairs opens on Flushing Meadows. Already New Yorkers are groaning and moaning about the expected influx of millions of visitors. Already the area around Rockefeller Centre seems uncomfortably crowded and the song of the tourist—"How do you get to——" is heard in the land. The hotel-keepers are delirious with joy, planning such master-strokes as cots in the card-rooms and generally rising prices, and if you come without making reservations don't say I didn't warn you.

There is no carnival spirit here, as in San Francisco before the show started on Treasure Island. Right now the New Yorkers are pretty sulky, thinking about the crowds, for in a city of more than seven million people there are always too many people. The Fair is counting on some twenty million visitors to go through the turnstiles three times on the average, and the Emperor of Flushing, as Forrest Davis calls Grover Whalen, has promised the city that the visitors will bring at least a billion dollars with them. So no doubt lots of people will be happy at the end of the six months, because a billion dollars is quite a little chicken-feed.

When you good people get around to reading this, the Fair will have opened, helped along by the Cosmic Ray, television, the President of the United States, and college boys to take your tickets. It was always Mr. Whalen's idea, and this superb business man, this gentleman so impeccably dressed and garnished with a perpetual flower in his buttonhole, has been a figure of fun to New Yorkers, most unjustly, ever since he used to work so earnestly at the task of welcoming distinguished visitors, back in the days of Mayor Hylan. He had at first a hard time selling the idea, but no one can deny that he has organised a stupendous circus, and the grouchy New Yorkers won't like it one bit if the country, and the world, does not flock to Flushing to be entertained by our Grover.

Pre-View

In the stern pursuit of duty, your correspondent drove out last week to see how things are coming on. A distressing sign in the Press Building warns that Time Tears On, and it looks as though other things had better tear on, too, if opening day is to see everybody tidied up for the visitors. The buildings tend toward the modern and some of them look like nothing human, with a strong emphasis on the egg. G. B. Shaw's bald-headed Ancients might have a good time wandering around in this World of To-morrow. You see the Trylon and the Perisphere, known also as the Ball and Bat, and other things not mentionable here, long before you reach the grounds, a gigantic, inescapable ad. flung against the sky, and rather nice-looking at that.

Inside the grounds you are struck by the exciting use of colour in the buildings—outside, I mean—which is strange to America, and some of the vistas toward the Theme Centre (Bat and Ball) will be ecstatically beautiful at night. The Trylon is 700 feet high, but in many parts of the grounds the dominant figure is the proletarian effigy of Youth on top of the Soviet Union's 237-ft. tower: a clever trick on the part of somebody, Mr. Stalin.

First from South Africa

The Biltmore is harbouring the first Fair visitors from South Africa. Mr. and Mrs. Evert Grobelaar, from Victoria, came early to see the country before the opening of the Fair. They say there is great interest in South Africa in the Fair, and tell of one man who set out two years ago to breed enough pigs to finance the trip. But the pigs let him down, so he will have to get his experiences second hand. Mrs. Grobelaar was amazed to price calla lilies, at $6 a dozen at the florists, because in her country they grow like weeds.

The Biltmore has done over its supper room, in blue, as a Victorian artist's conception of a Viennese room, and a charming place it is for dancing.

Only Champagne

The Monte Carlo, New York's new night spot, was reserved in the afternoon for a party in honour of M. and Mme. Bollinger. Jacques Bollinger, as you may know, is by way of understanding the champagne field, and the guests were served—you've guessed it—champagne. The Mayor of Ay-Champagne and head of the Renaudin-Bollinger and Co. champagne house came over on the Queen Mary to "get the feeling of the American market again." The Bollinger family has been interested in champagne for about 200 years. He declared, with a twinkle in his eye, that his favourite drink is champagne, because it is so useful medicinally. The best grape year in almost two decades was 1928, he said. And he was not condescending about America's relatively uncultivated taste in drinks, recognising the damage done by the bath-tub gin era of prohibition, once known as the Noble Experiment.

The Monte Carlo makes a lush background for a party, with its ripe colours of red, deep purple and chartreuse. It was pleasant to be there when the two small rooms were not jammed to the hilt, as they are in the evening.

Artist in a Rage

The surrealist painter, Dali, came in with his wife, looking tense and dark, and refusing to discuss his experience with Bonwit Teller.

He had worked all one night creating two windows for the store, "Day" and "Night." The first window was centred about a fur-lined bath-tub filled with water and occupied by three wax arms each holding up a mediæval mirror. A manikin stood by the tub, adorned in green feathers and bright red hair three feet long. The other window showed a manikin lying on a black bed, with a mattress of flaming coals and a head-piece the snout of a water-buffalo.

Comment on the red and green manikin was so unfavourable on the part of the populace that the store put a conventional manikin in its place. So when the painter came to see his window it had been desecrated, and so great was the Catalonian's outrage that he tipped over the fur-lined bath-tub and went hurtling dangerously through the window to the side-walk and to the Night Court.

Some friends of mine who collect Dalis, Picassos, et al, are furious at the treatment accorded the painter, but most people, barbarians that they are, just think it funny.

Stage Party

The Ambassador Hotel, helped by the cast of Noel Coward's New York revue, "Set to Music," had a benefit night and party, with games and balloons, for the actors. Bea Lillie, Pélissier Anthony and Penelope Dudley Ward shared a table

Champagne Party

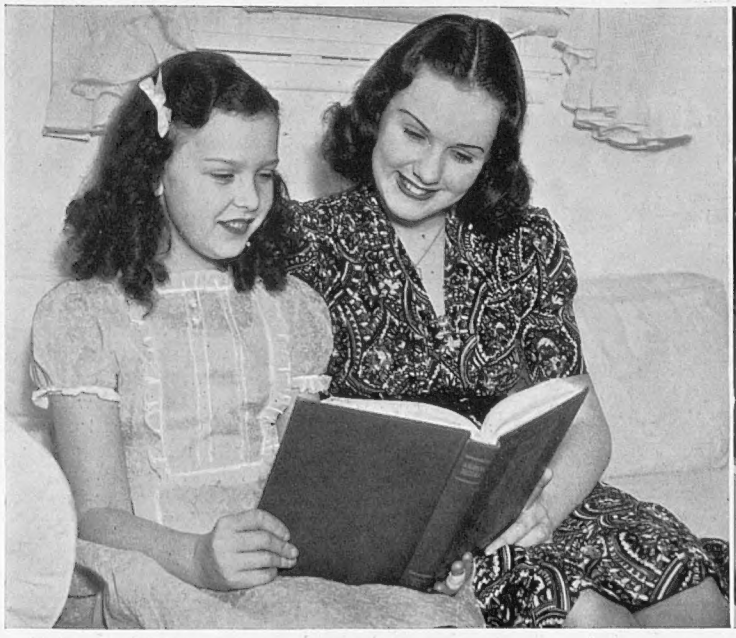
M. Jacques Bollinger, head of Renaudin-Bollinger champagne concern, has been "getting the feel" of the American market, drank his own vintage at a party in his honour, with McClelland Barclay and Alice White (left and centre)

One Is Not Enough

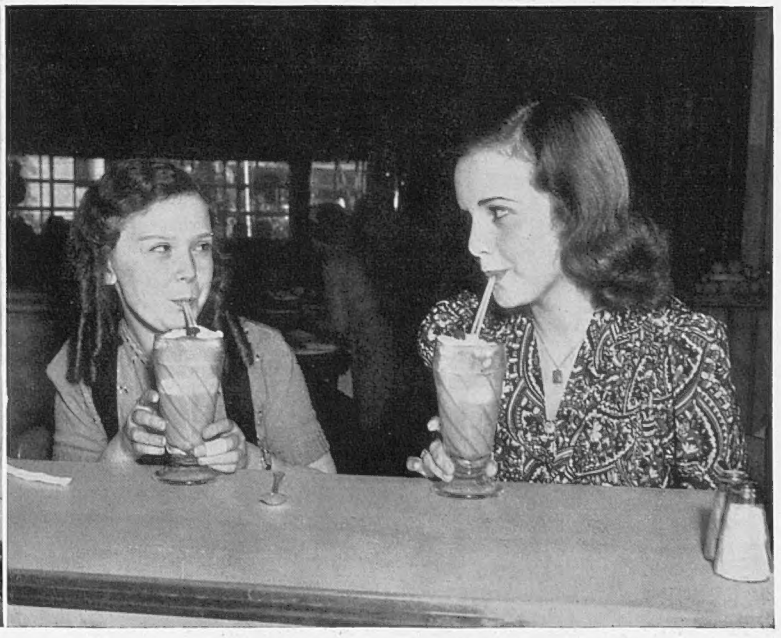
So Gloria Jean is to be the New Deanna Durbin, and Deanna Has to Show Her How

One swallow never made a summer in Hollywood, nor did one big success ever deter a producer from trying to repeat his luck. The latest idea is to find another little girl as like Deanna Durbin as possible, and make some more films of the kind that turned Deanna into a star. Producer Joe Pasternack, who spotted and groomed Miss Durbin, has already picked her successor. Gloria Jean is ten years old, daughter of a coal miner and his wife in the east of the U.S.A., and, so they say, has " a radiant personality, a face full of mischievous happiness, an electric smile, and a voice which combines youthful freshness with unusual power." Well, that certainly describes Deanna. And just to make sure, Gloria is to spend as much time as possible with the young star whose career she 's intended to repeat. Deanna, having a nice nature and knowing the publicity rules, smiles encouragingly on the little newcomer

Music : Little Gloria Plays Bass in the Durbin-Jean Duets



Education : Deanna Takes Gloria Through Her American History

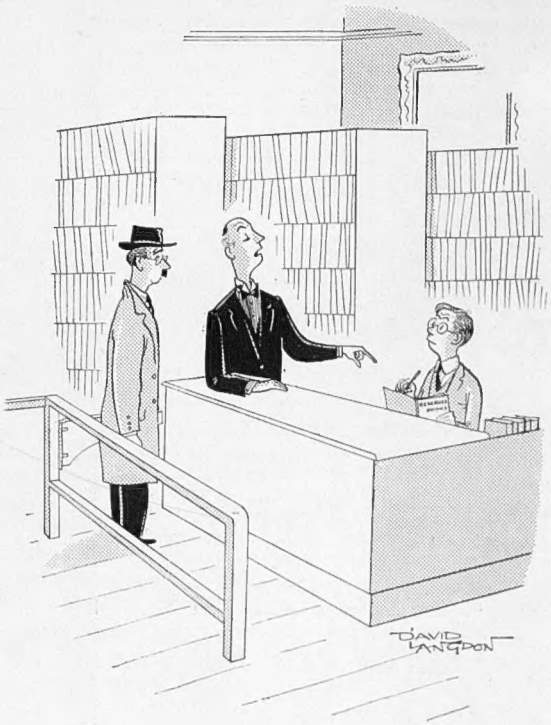


Fun : They Suck Sundaes in the Studio Restaurant

Standing By . . .

One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis



" Make a note to reserve Szgdylyov's ' Correlated Thesis on Eclectic Æstheticism ' for Mr. Brown—B-R-O-W-N "

GAFFER A. P. HERBERT'S panther-leap to the assistance of the unhappy citizens of Glasgow, whose tyrants have forbidden them, quite illegally, to play darts in Glasgow pubs, on the novel and even fantastic ground that dart-playing increases drinking—Gaffer Herbert's attack on this monstrous oppression pleased us greatly. It showed that although the Gaffer himself lounges with his fellow M.P.s amid Byzantine licence—he can buy a drink in the House, for example, at any time, whereas in his native Hammersmith the pubs are closed at 10 p.m., as in Kensington and other highly civilised Western areas—privilege and luxury have not weakened his fibre or abated his sympathy for victims of " temperance " mugwumps. We can't say the same for some other M.P. boys we know, who have become hopelessly selfish, insolent and corrupt, and derive sadistic pleasure from lounging over a whisky and soda and gloating over the darkened, shuttered pubs outside and the thousands of dumb, bewildered, well-behaved saps who have been ejected from them all over London at an hour when Continental cafés are filling comfortably up. Such mirth seems to us disgusting, and the Gaffer assured us, when we met him in an Underground train the other day, that it was odious to him also. We 'd have believed this, even if he hadn't taken a blood-oath on it by opening a vein : a picturesque ceremony of great interest to the travelling public, though messy if you cut an artery by mistake.

Peeling away skin after skin of hypocrisy and mumblings and euphemisms and hugaboo you come at last to the real core of all tyrannies of this Glasgow kind, namely, a black Calvinistic hatred of innocent pleasure, and especially the innocent pleasures of the poor. When Calvin ruled Geneva, you could be slung in the can for whistling in the street. His spirit flourishes.

Fish

WHETHER the Flyfishers' Club are taking it like men or gasping in their armchairs like gravelled chavender (or chub) we couldn't say, but that angler charged by the R.S.P.C.A. at Woodstock the other day with cruelty to a fish, has certainly made a bit of history. Chaps who fish for pleasure are pretty cruel, anyway, in our mousy view, and as fish-lovers we deplore the upstage attitude of Our Dumb Friends' League, to which fish might surely be expected to appeal as the dumbest chums of all, barring little actresses, who are likewise ignored. We read a quite revolting passage in *The Compleat Angler* once, about the way to use frog as bait (we think it was), from which we deduce that the literary boys who rave about Gentle Old Izaak and his kindly charm are either hypocrites or liars, or both. Mr. Walton's attitude to fish is pretty callous, and his disciples are worthy of him, The kind, worried Nordic faces we spend many hours a year in contemplating in the Zoo Aquarium, the most enchanting spot in London, make no impression on them whatsoever, though if you drove a steel barb through the jaws of a Cabinet Minister they 'd think it unfair. There is no fish that swims which has not its secret pathos, even the Whale, which notoriously suffers from halitosis and, like the anguished social misfits in the advertisements, is never told about it, even by its most intimate friends.

Before Rupert Brooke, who also tenderly loved and understood fish, wrote his well-known poem about the Fish's Paradise—he got the idea from looking at the dons' tranquil faces as they lapped their soup at High Table—he spent some time in the company of a Dover sole, a charming, thoughtful type of fish which never says a harsh word about anybody, even Mme. Prunier.

" Will you take these in exchange for a swordstick? "

Festa

THE feast of St. George, Protector (but not Patron) of England has come and gone, with its usual vague flag-waggings and desultory attempts to work the Island Race up to take some interest in a saint who hasn't had much of a deal from them for several centuries. The Crusaders were responsible, so far as we know, for the displacing of the Confessor by St. George, a soldier-martyr under Diocletian who is greatly venerated in the East but about whom extremely little is known, the fat and malicious Gibbon's attempt to confuse him with a rascally namesake out of Cappadocia having been amply rebutted. In our unfortunate view, the Island Race would be much keener about St. George to-day if he had been kinder to dragons ; for although the ramping beast whom he is always represented as slaying was never anything but a piece of Oriental symbolism typifying evil, the feeling is firmly embedded in the warm, pulpy heart of the Race that it was a real

animal, and that St. George treated it with horrid brutality. If only the Greeks had pictured the Saint teaching his scaly pet to beg for sugar. . . .

However, St. George of England is in good company. The only two of the ancient galaxy of national saints who are a living patriotic force to-day are St. Patrick and St. Wenceslas of Bohemia, for though the Welch make a great annual whoobub about St. David, it is a curious figment of their imagination they make this pother over, not the great Bishop of Menevia. What St. David means to the Welch nowadays is a cross between the present Arch-Druid and Mr. Lloyd George, which is anyway better than meaning just a vague foreigner who was unkind to our dumb chums. Write to your M.P. about it.

Museum-Piece

IN the engaging screwy world of the theatre almost anything cockeyed can happen, which probably explains why somebody the other day went to some expense to revive *The Amazons*, a Pinero farcical comedy first produced in 1893, and even then not so hot, unless, as Auntie *Times's* critic remarked, you 'd had the kind of dinner people ate in 1893. (This, your Great-Uncle Joseph will tell you, consisted of about twelve heavyish courses, divided in the middle by a welcome water-ice and a pause, giving diners a chance to get their breath, loosen their high collars, and let out their stays.) However, this dusty old Pinerian romp at least gave those of the present generation who saw it an idea of the kind of play their grandfathers liked. Every speaking character in *The Amazons* except one, a clergyman, has a title of a sonorous kind (" *Barrington, Viscount Litterly* " ; " *Miriam, Marchioness of Castlejordan* "), fun in high-life being then the chief concern of West End comedy, and the Muse Thalia being a stinking snob. The plot revolves round three blue-blooded damsels confronting Society in male knickerbockers, and it knocked the public popeyed, for not only do these patrician charmers dress thus daringly, but they also smoke cigarettes. This slightly but agreeably shocked your grandmother, pets, but your grandfather chuckled a fruity, stertorous chuckle, the dog, and he played delightedly with his gold sovereign-case, which, when he pressed a spring, flew open to reveal a neatly-packed pile of real golden jimmy-o-goblins, if you can believe that.

Bomb

SPEAKING of the theatre, one of the Fleet Street crime boys has written a forthcoming play, apparently, in which British police technique, " more subtle and effective than the American Third Degree," is displayed in such a way as will, according to Mr. Basil Dean, astonish the weak minds of the citizenry. Which may—who knows ?—be a good thing. The prevailing middle-class convention is that the police move in a rosy pink Dickensy fog of benevolence, guiding old ladies across the road with anxious care, holding up the traffic for sick bow-wows, and gathering in wrongdoers more in sorrow than anger, like a lot of tender-hearted big brothers ; whereas all foreign policemen go about shooting and clubbing and third-degreeing the helpless populace with loathsome brutality, and often wear fierce moustachios in addition. This, as we say, is the cosy British middle-class convention. The British poor may have different ones. Anyway, it can do no harm to exhibit a few police methods of obtaining " voluntary " statements now in vogue, even if most of them turn out to be emotional appeals by some tearful inspector to spare a mother's heart.

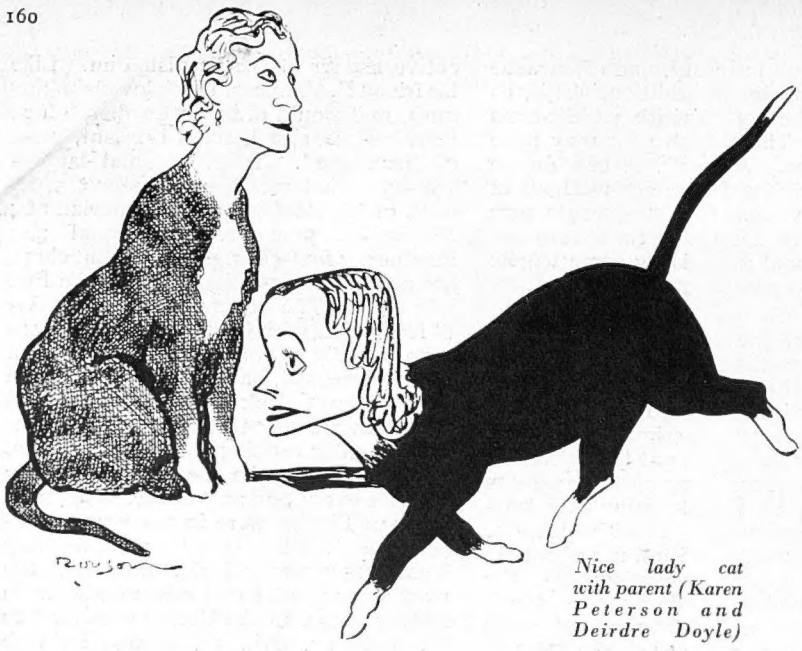
Dr. Samuel Johnson, who spoke more common sense than most, once defended the eighteenth-century police use of torture—or third degree—in Holland, on the ground that it gave a criminal one more chance, " for no man is put to the torture there unless there is as much evidence against him as would amount to conviction in England." From which one might argue that the ritual use of rubber clubs and other persuaders by the American police is doing the tough guy concerned a big favour, but we 'd rather you didn't press us on the point.

Virtuoso

THE death of Herman Finck removes not only a mellow personality, bathed in the romantic glow of forty or fifty years' experience of the lighter West End theatre, but (probably) the last active master of the English Pun. Like his friend E. V. Lucas, Finck loved making puns, and would often rattle them off at machine-gun speed, some brilliant, most of them good. Taken by and large—whatever that means—only about 5 per cent. of the total output of Victorian and Edwardian punsters, professional and amateur, is first-class, probably, but chaps are not thereby entitled to decry the Pun wholesale. The supercilious Mr. H. W. (" Modern English Usage ") Fowler, whose cane is rarely out of his lily hand, says so. " Puns are good, bad and indifferent, and only those who lack the wit to make them are unaware of this fact," says Mr. Fowler, after rapping those persons who, owing to " sheeplike docility " habitually describe every pun as " feeble." Many of Herman Finck's were in the grand manner—we hardly need remind any BYSTANDER reader incidentally that the most monumental and celebrated pun in history occurs in the Gospel according to St. Matthew, xvi., 18, though its true flavour eludes one in the English—and better for the most part than anything invented by Hood, or Lamb, or even Burnand, whose best efforts were rarely spontaneous. (Lamb was also probably drunk. Faugh !)

D. B. Wyndham Lewis

" The dustbin is very untidy again this morning, Emily "

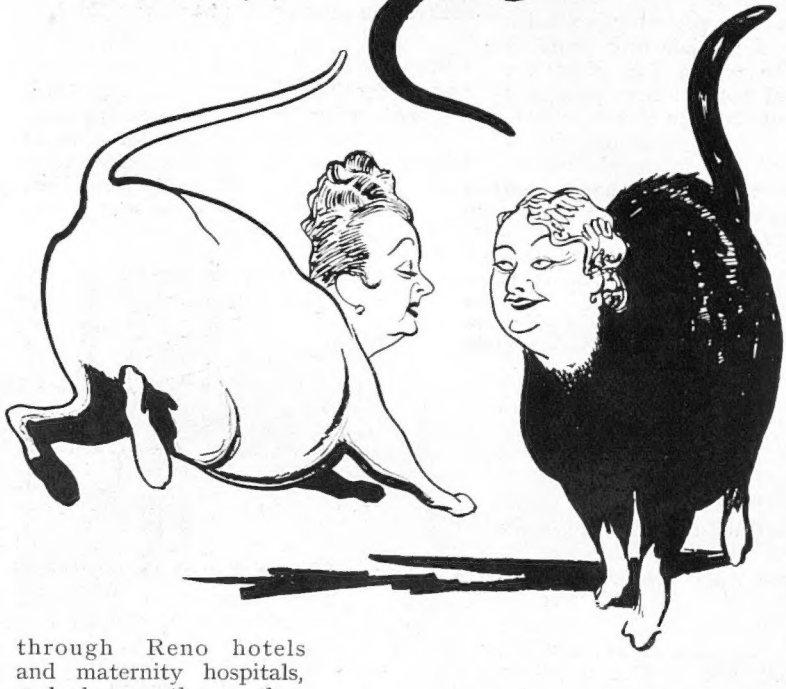


Nice lady cat with parent (Karen Peterson and Deirdre Doyle)

Hard-boiled floosies (Effie Afton and Claire Carleton)

The Theatre

Sketches by Rouson



Fat and Flighty (Catherine Doucet and Emily Ross)

"The Women" (Lyric)

Is it funny? Or is it nauseating? Both, I think, if you do not happen to have been brought up in America. That is to say, there are lines, heaps of lines, and even situations in *The Women*, Miss Clare Boothe's play brought by an American company to the Lyric Theatre, at which it is hardly possible not to laugh. These lines, these situations, ought not to exist, but they do exist, and undeniably they have point. Their wit, as often as not, matches their cruelty and their impropriety. But if you are American, in all probability you know that the women of the play recognisably belong to a relatively small and isolated group, and the virtuous satisfaction of seeing the little beasts neatly picked up and smacked with a meat axe overcomes any feeling of nausea. Without this special knowledge we may be forgiven if we think that Miss Boothe thinks she is writing, not about a particular set of women, but about women in general; and then, having no virtuous sympathy with the satirist, we are apt to be nauseated.

NEITHER in her title nor in the shaping of her narrative is Miss Boothe at pains to guard against such misconception of her purpose. There are forty characters, all female, and they are precisely and horribly like-minded. Some work in the beauty parlour or in the kitchen. Except that they have not yet had the luck to rise to the fashionable jungle-red nail-varnish, they are sisters in thought to the harpies they serve. But they are a mere sprinkling, the gossiping cooks, the scandalous manicurists, the eavesdropping costumiers and Russian mannequins. The rest are rich, or richly kept, and would be completely idle did they not have to work so hard to put the right lines into figures and keep the wrong lines out of faces. We follow them — blushingly at first — from the bridge-table to the hairdressers' shops and "exercise salons," and on to the bathroom and the bedroom, through Reno hotels and maternity hospitals, and wherever they go they talk with the same bitter, crackling wit of one subject, and one only — the art and craft of snatching a rich husband and, while deceiving him comfortably, keeping him safe from other snatchers.

Towards the end of the evening the wit appears to wear thin. This, I fancy, is delusive. The wit is probably as sharp as ever, but it has scratched its tiny subject into shreds, as a cat treads out its cushion. No, it is the subject, not the wit, that wears thin. The reason may be that there is practically nothing in the way of contrast to set off the vulgarity, the rapacity, the treachery and the triviality of this alien and unimportant clique. Even Mary, the comparatively innocent heroine, who is goaded by malicious gossip into a divorce that she quickly repents, takes her final line from her friends. Staining her nails jungle-red, she snatches back her husband from what Fred Emney would have called "the peroxide one," and that's that, the play in effect says, and *that* is Woman. Which is not what Miss Boothe meant her play to convey, but it works out like that.

Just plain cat (Mary Alice Collins)

The acting of the American company, led by Miss Karen Peterson, though it might conceivably be better, has plenty of pep, and there is some metallic work by Miss Mary Alice Collins, Miss Claire Carleton, and Miss Emily Ross.—A. V. C.

Mr. Farjeon will resume his theatre articles in the issue of May 17th.

Arrival at Waterloo

These two film stars arrived in England last week to start work on the film version of "French Without Tears," just finishing its record stage run (and why the magnates couldn't use the excellent original stage cast for the film, we can't say): Ray Milland, English Hollywood star and ex-officer in the Household Cavalry, and Ellen Drew, Hollywood candy-store worker until she got her chance in "Sing, You Sinners" with Bing Crosby

Arrival at the Licence Office

These two film stars arrived at the Los Angeles, Cal., marriage licence office and were hardly surprised to find a crowd plus photographers waiting: Annabella, the only one of several present French top-liners to become a Hollywood permanency, and Tyrone Power, attractive young Yankee who has acted all over European history to the delight of some and the disgust of others. They were married early last week

Comings and Goings

Journeys' Ends and Lovers' and Others' Meetings

Tea for One, Talk for Three

Cyril Maude had the tea, and Eva Moore and G. B. Stern talked to him, after last week's annual meeting of the Actors' Orphanage, at the Saville Theatre. The novelist, in her speech, said she had always wanted to act and had vainly obtained a promise of a part in "Cavalcade" from Coward

Pose on a Luggage Barrow

Porters at Victoria gaped when the Press persuaded Bella Bordy, of the Budapest ballet, to climb up thus for her arrival picture. The nineteen-year-old dancer is prima ballerina of the "Hungarian Rhapsody" company now at the Adelphi

No Pose for Her

Margaret Rawlings looked very splendid on her arrival at Southampton with the Georgic on conscription day, holding a paper with the tidings and a toy leopard cub. She has been in the New York production of "The Flashing Stream," which failed there

The Passing Hour

Comments and Asides

By Edward Mordant

THE Budget is not a matter for decent conversation. Its mention should be made a capital offence, but, alas, like all the other horrors that infest life, nobody can get away from it. I, therefore, like everybody else, in spite of all promises to myself, begin by alluding to the beastly thing. But that is only as a stepping-stone to the Chancellor.

On these occasions it is the habit of journalists to describe the Budget Box and to estimate the comparative length of the Chancellors' speeches. Indications are given of the dark secrecy with which the whole thing is compiled, and thus one of the dullest jobs in the world is invested with a certain bogus romance.

Sir John Simon, the present Chancellor, would thank nobody for investing either him or his work with any such attribute. His mind is so clear that the light of reason shines straight through it as through a plate-glass window. There are no coloured doubts to hold up the light, or to distort it into charming byways. Sir John has been consistent throughout life in his invulnerable rationalism.

AT Wadham, as all the world knows, he had as his competitor F. E. Smith, and it is improbable that any Junior Common Room ever housed two more brilliant undergraduates at the same moment. While F. E. took the hurdles almost without looking, Simon took them with the maximum of preparation and care. They reached the tape together at the end of their University career, neither of them out of breath, but F. E. having had far the better time during the running.

Opposed types though they were, they remained the best of friends throughout life. I remember at a Wadham dinner, given to celebrate the appointment of F. E. to Cabinet rank, that Sir John proposed his health. For once in his life the cool lucidity of his utterance was tinged with a slight and unexpected warmth. Indeed, at one point in his speech he almost faltered. F. E. was in his most brilliant form in reply. His affection was equally plain, but he concealed it under a series of glittering jokes. Among others, he stated that his University career would have been blameless except for the constant temptations put in his way by Simon. He was notorious for his quiet studiousness, and his desire to retire to bed at eleven, after having done three-and-a-half hours' reading. It was Simon who, he said, persuaded him to range the town and return to college over the wall. Any slight bitterness, F. E. indicated, that might be found in his political utterances, could be traced to these circumstances.

AND while I am engaging in reminiscence, I might as well add one about the Ministry of Munitions. This is excusable now that the Ministry of Supply has arisen from its ashes. The original home of the old Department was at No. 6, Whitehall Gardens. On the day that Mr. Lloyd George went to take up his residence there a scene of happy confusion reigned both in the building and in the garden outside. Workmen carried in furniture with cheerful disregard of the numerous celebrities whose lives they were endangering. Ex-Cabinet Ministers and newly appointed Cabinet Ministers were hurrying to and fro in excited confusion. Innumerable super-men were in process of offering their unique services, and being invited to fill up forms of enquiry. On the other hand, humbler members of the public who came to make such enquiries were finding themselves enrolled as members of the Department by filling up the wrong form.

While this agreeable swirl was in progress, Lord Curzon was regarding the scene from an upper window in Buddha-like contemplation. At last he broke silence. In the roadway below, two workmen carrying a large bookcase had just dropped it, and it appeared to be falling upon the head of a Cabinet Minister. "Who," enquired Lord Curzon, "is the gentleman in the top-hat worn at an angle?" He was told his name and that he had just joined the Cabinet. "A strange fate," reflected Lord Curzon, "for such a one to be crushed on the day of appointment by a falling bookcase." The fact that this strange fate was narrowly averted did not seem a matter worthy of further comment.

AS I have already said, nothing will induce me to mention the Budget. It is no good asking me for comments on its details. I simply refuse, I repeat, to say more than to cry, on behalf of the general body of taxpayers,

The new Ambassador *to Washington, the fifty-seven-year old Liberal Marquess of Lothian, succeeds Sir Ronald Lindsay when he retires this summer. His appointment has been welcomed in the U.S.A., where his profound and wide knowledge of the States is appreciated. He is also an expert on Indian affairs, South Africa, the Rhodes Trust, a sympathetic observer of Nazi Germany, a bachelor*

The new Minister *for the new Ministry of Supply will be Mr. Leslie Burgin, who moves over from Transport in favour of Captain Euan Wallace. Designed to centralise and control military orders, the creation of the ministry is one more move in the eclipse of business-as-usual peace policy and the adoption of a war basis for civil life*

The new Bishop *of London, nominated last week as successor to Dr. Winnington-Ingram, is Dr. Geoffrey Fisher, Lord Bishop of Chester since 1932, and before that headmaster of Repton for eighteen years. He is nearly fifty-two, is married and has six sons*

"Moratorium te saluto." After all, we must not forget the feelings of the tax-gatherers, who—worthy men—must live. If anybody asked why, I could only say that to answer this question is not in accordance with public interest. But I do, after all, see that if we are to defend ourselves, we shall have to pay for it.

FORTUNATELY, it is not my business to assess the comparative advantages of voluntary and compulsory service. All I know is that the response on the voluntary side has been so magnificent that it indicates beyond doubt that the nation as a whole is prepared for any sacrifice which is necessary in the cause of peace and liberty.

THE 1939 Royal Academy, like all other exhibitions of the Royal Academy, is the worst ever. I wonder, indeed, that Royal Academicians and Associates have the audacity to show their work when they must know that everybody under the age of twenty has condemned it in advance. Surely they must realise that they ought to be painting upside down with bits of coal and odd scraps of turnip. The stupid idea that paint should be used to convey something intelligible, let alone beautiful, has been so utterly discredited that it really would be better if the Royal Academy would devote itself to some such occupation as the training of performing elephants.

HAPPILY, however, on this occasion, if the excitable young engage in their normal denunciation they will find a doughty opponent in Sir Edwin Lutyens, the newly elected President. Those who have risen to the supreme position in the world of British art have not always been born orators. Sir Edwin, on the other hand, is one of the greatest and most unexpected wits of his time. In appearance not altogether unlike Thackeray, he has a pleasantly gruff enunciation, and he has never cared what he said or in what company he said it. What is certain is that he has never said anything stupid or anything unworthy. He has, however, said a great number of things that have surprised and, on occasion, shocked his hearers. But Sir Edwin's conversation is one of those good winds that brings everybody good, even if they do shake up their liver. When, therefore, the company of sniggerers begins its customary assault, Sir Edwin can be relied upon to deal with them faithfully.

THE way of a publisher in these days is no easy one. On the one hand he is beset by the ever-growing competition of Book Clubs of all types. On the other, he is hounded by one political event after another, and is compelled, as a matter of course, to publish book after book, however indifferently and hurriedly written, on the latest development in European events. Small wonder, therefore, that the smaller publishers are finding the struggle for existence almost overwhelming.

NOR is it the publishing trade alone that is staggering under an almost unbearable load. The theatre continues to believe that it cannot recover complete prosperity until it is once again tax free. This view was emphasised at Malvern during the week by Mr. Priestley, when he made the appropriate answer for the Theatre. Incidentally, as I have promised not to mention the Budget, I may, for the third time, observe that it has done something in this respect.

I SAY it was most appropriate that Mr. Priestley should answer for the Theatre, because he is one of the marvels of contemporary literature whose performances are one of the sole white hopes of the publishing world. I do not propose to tempt Nemesis on his account by saying that he has never known a failure, but I will say that, if he has a failure, it will be everybody's fault except his own. He is that rarest of all phenomena in the creative world: a man who never repeats himself, and who is always not only willing, but determined to learn. He began as a brilliant essayist and critic. He turned deliberately to the novel, and after *The Good Companions* was the legitimate successor of the triumvirate, Wells, Bennett and Galsworthy. He then, with equal deliberation, turned to the theatre, and has now established himself as Mr. Noel Coward's only serious rival in the younger world. In addition to all this, he has entered into management, and even there the fates have been unable, hitherto, to resist him. This is the sort of stuff that Bradford can produce when provoked.

M. Grigore Gafencu, *the Roumanian Foreign Minister, has plenty to tell his King and colleagues in Bucharest after his round-trip in Europe - Berlin - Brussels - London - Paris. Everywhere the representative of the coveted oil and grain fields of ancient Scythia was received with full honours: here, for instance, he was given an outing with the Air Force at Hornchurch, put on full kit and parachute for a flight in a "Blenheim" bomber*

AND it really is odd, though it has often been stated that one town should in so comparatively brief a period have had so distinguished a list of sons. Last week, for example, a music-room was dedicated in the town to the memory of Frederick Delius, by common admission the greatest English composer of his time. Delius lived part of his childhood in a house fronting on Manningham Lane, not two hundred yards from Mornington Villas, in which the Rothenstein brothers, Sir William and Albert, were brought up. All three went to the Grammar School at the bottom of the lane, and the latter two had among their contemporaries Mr. Oliver Onions (who has, to everybody's great satisfaction, just published another novel, *The Hand of Kornelius Voyt*), and Mr. Cutcliffe Hyne, whose Captain Kettle almost ranked alongside Rupert of Hentzau at one moment as a great popular figure. When I add that the latest architect to be elected an Associate of the Royal Academy, Mr. Edward Maufe, the designer of Guildford Cathedral, is also a Bradfordian, I think that I have established my claim for the metropolis of tops and noils.

The Earl of Perth *is home again and relapses into private citizenship after six difficult years at our Embassy in Rome; he was photographed on arrival at Victoria with Lady Perth and their youngest daughter, Lady Gillian Drummond. Lord Perth, Sir Eric Drummond before his half-brother's title came to him in 1937, is succeeded in Rome by Sir Percy Loraine*

Cupid, sent by Venus to punish Psyche for her beauty, falls a victim to his own weapons (Frank Staff and Julia Farron)

As Venus, whether enraged with jealousy of Psyche, or flaunting her own charms, June Brae gives a lively characterisation

Psyche's gossiping, envious sisters are Elizabeth Miller and Mary Honer, here listening outside the bedchamber of their sister and her mysterious lover

Psyche discovers her lover is no monster but the God of Love himself, but Cupid, his invisibility betrayed, has to leave her

Cupid flies away into his own airy domain

"Cupid and Psyche"

The New Berners-Ashton Ballet at Sadler's Wells

The last new ballet of the season was given its premiere at Sadler's Wells on Thursday last week. Lord Berners is responsible for the theme, the music, and the story as it is told before each scene by two narrators. Frederick Ashton has translated Lord Berners' conception of the Cupid and Psyche story into dancing terms, and the lovely settings, the complicated colour scheme of the dresses are by Sir Francis Rose, executed by Mme. Ira Belline, a niece of Stravinsky, and often an associate of Christian Bérard in realising his designs. The most interesting point of the evening was the performance of seventeen-year-old Julia Farron, since this is the first leading part she has created. Her delicate fluid dancing and appealing personality make her Psyche a charming, tender young creature. Frank Staff also takes his first leading role at Sadler's Wells as Cupid and gives an excellent performance, clean, graceful and full of vitality. Michael Somes, who was the gargoylesque Pan, will alternate with Staff in Cupid's role. June Brae and Lord Berners between them make Venus into an amusing mixture of a courtesan and an insolent young dowager. Mary Honer, besides her part as Psyche's sister, has a short brilliant solo as a black-clad Minerva

Photographs by Anthony

Cupid and Psyche dance among the Zephyrs in his castle in the air

Julia Farron has her first leading part as Psyche

Social Register: the April Wedding Rush

Lt.-Col. Sir John Aird and Lady Priscilla Willoughby

The most important wedding in a week of big weddings was that of Sir John Aird and Lady Priscilla Willoughby, younger daughter of the Earl and Countess of Ancaster. They were married at the Royal Military Chapel, Wellington Barracks, with a reception at Viscount and Viscountess Astor's house in St. James's Square. Sir John Aird, commands the 3rd Battalion, Grenadier Guards, is an Extra Equerry to the King, succeeded his father in 1934 as third baronet, has a house, Forest Lodge, in Windsor Great Park. Lady Priscilla Willoughby, who wore a gold lamé dress, had three child attendants—her nephew and niece, Timothy and Jane Willoughby, and the bridegroom's niece, June Scarisbrick

Miss Diana Renshaw and Mr. Carnegie

James Murray Carnegie, son of the late Hon. Sir Lancelot Carnegie, and the Hon. Lady Carnegie, and Diana Renshaw, daughter of the late Arthur H. Renshaw, and Lady Winifred Renshaw, and niece of the Earl of Leitrim, were married at St. Mark's, North Audley Street

Mr. Richard Blow and Miss Diana Bethell

Another of the week's big weddings was the St. Paul's Cathedral one of Richard Purcell Blow and Diana Hermione Bethell, only daughter of Captain Adrian Bethell, of Rise Park, Hull, and Watton Abbey, East Yorks., and the Hon. Mrs. James Beck. Their reception was at the Earl of Caledon's house, 5, Carlton House Terrace. The bridegroom is the eldest son of the late Detmar Blow, and Mrs. Blow, of Hilles, Stroud, Glos.

Mr. Nicholas Eliot and Miss Helen Villiers

Nicholas R. M. Eliot, Duke of Cornwall's Light Infantry, is the eldest son of the Hon. Sir Montague and Lady Eliot, of Port Eliot, St. Germans, Cornwall. Helen Mary Villiers is the daughter of the late Lieut.-Colonel Charles Villiers, and Lady Kathleen Villiers. They were married at All Souls', Langham Place

Mr. Aubrey-Fletcher

John Henry Aubrey-Fletcher, Major Sir Henry and of Chilton House, Aylesbury, Egerton, only child of Egerton, Coldstream Guards, of Bentworth Lodge, Alton, the Royal Military Chapel,

Mr. Goedhuis and Miss Daphne Henderson

Daniel Goedhuis, of The Hague, Holland, and Daphne Henderson were married at Caxton Hall register office. She is the younger daughter of the late Hon. Arnold Henderson, and Mrs. Arnold Henderson, of Loves Green Cottage, Highwood, Essex, a cousin of Lord Faringdon and of Doreen Butler-Henderson (see right)

Fayer

Mr. Wordsworth, Miss Butler-Henderson

John Gordon Wordsworth and Doreen Butler-Henderson had a country wedding from Faccombe Manor, Andover, Hants., the home of her parents, the Hon. Eric and Mrs. Butler-Henderson. The bridegroom is the son of the Rev. C. W. and Mrs. Wordsworth, of Coddenham Rectory, near Ipswich

Miss Beaufort and Sir James Walker

Sir James Heron Walker, Bt., of Ringdale Manor, Faringdon, Berks., and Angela Margaret Beaufort, only daughter of V. A. Beaufort, and Mrs. C. F. Burnard, of the Grange, Oborne, Sherborne, Wilts., were married in Sherborne Abbey, and left afterwards for Paris. The bridegroom succeeded his father, the late Sir Robert Walker, in 1930 as seventh baronet

Fayer

and Miss Egerton

Fletcher, eldest son of Lady Aubrey-Fletcher, bury, and Diana Fynvola the late Lt.-Col. Arthur and Mrs. Robert Bruce, Hants., were married at Wellington Barracks

Mr. Rugge-Price and Miss Pilkington

Anthony Arthur Keith Rugge-Price, 13th/18th Hussars, younger son of Sir Charles and Lady Rugge-Price, married Joan Lisette Pilkington, daughter of Alan Douglas Pilkington, of Dean Wood, Newbury, Berks., and Achvarasdal, Thurso, Caithness, and the late Mrs. Pilkington, at St. Margaret's, Westminster. They are having a Riviera honeymoon

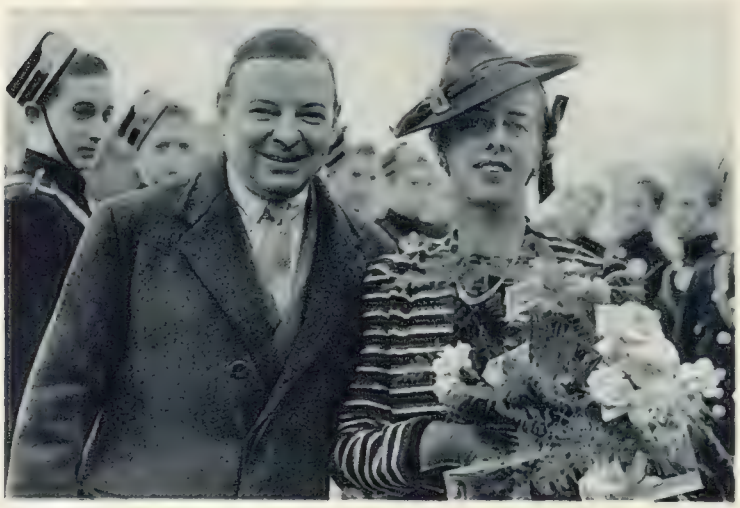
Capt. De Pree and Miss Stewart

Captain George De Pree, is the eldest son of Major-General H. D. De Pree, of Oak Hill House, Beckley, Sussex, and the late Mrs. De Pree; Barbara Jean Stewart is the twin daughter of the late Lieut.-Colonel A. B. A. Stewart, the Seaforth Highlanders, and the late Mrs. Henry Lennox. They were married at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge, with the bridegroom's brother as best man

Social Register *(continued)*

Congratulations : Lady Greville to Mr. Duff Cooper

Lady Greville congratulated Mr. Duff Cooper on his speech about the Westminster Homes at the cocktail party given by his wife and the Hon. Mrs. Charles Rhys at the Coopers' house in Chapel Street. He had explained that the group aimed to de-slum the City of Westminster, was running a gala performance of "Me and My Girl" at the Victoria Palace on Thursday, 25th, and urged guests to take tickets from Mr. Charles Rhys (Abbey 4511)



Home-Coming : Lord and Lady Gifford

Lord Gifford flew to Sydney in March to marry Margaret Allen, daughter of Arthur Allen, a well-known Sydney solicitor. They arrived back last week, and had a guard of honour of District Messenger boys at Croydon when they landed. Lord Gifford is managing director of the company that runs the District Messenger boy service. He was A.D.C. to Sir Philip Game when the latter was Governor of New South Wales

Bride's Parents : the Earl and Countess of Ancaster

Reunion : Fred Astaire and His Brother-in-Law

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Astaire were met on their arrival at Waterford by Lord Charles Cavendish, who seven years ago stole Adèle from the Astaire partnership and took her away to his castle — Lismore, in Ireland. Fred Astaire is on holiday after making with Ginger Rogers a new type of film for them, albeit dancing : "The Story of Vernon and Irene Castle," a biographical film of the famous wartime duo

Christening : the Countess of Seafield's Heir

Lord and Lady Ancaster were just leaving the Royal Military Chapel, Wellington Barracks, after the wedding of their younger daughter, Lady Priscilla Willoughby to Sir John Aird (see p. 166). Lady Ancaster is American, daughter of the late W. L. Breese, of New York

Viscount Reidhaven, the baby son of Derek Studley-Herbert and Lady Seafield, was christened Ian Derek Francis at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge. He is heir to the Seafield earldom and the four other Scottish titles his mother bears, and to estates in Morayshire and Banffshire. His parents were married in 1930, and he is their first child

Mrs. Oswald Birley, by Oswald Birley

Oswald Birley's portrait of his beautiful Irish wife was exhibited last winter in the exhibition of the Royal Society of Portrait Painters, of which Captain Birley is a member and trustee. His Academy pictures this year include portraits of Mrs. Neville Chamberlain and Lord Baldwin

"Bystander" Short Story

Snap's Pretty Pictures

By A. P. Luscombe Whyte

Illustration by Bernard Ninnès, R.O.I., R.B.A.

SNAP GOETZ was a rat, and the most pleasant thing he ever said to anyone was "good-bye." But he could take photographs like an angel; he was one of the few crooks on Manhattan who never handled jewels; and he was clever. A useful combination.

Recently life hadn't been too kind to Snap. Out-of-town dumb-bells had either spent their money, or hidden it in safe-deposits or bought prussic-acid with it, and the public sneered at gold-mine shares. So that even Snap's only friend, wife and child, his camera, was away visiting an uncle.

That 's why, when Guggenberg came over from the bar of the Jacob's Ladder and plumped into the vacant chair, Snap welcomed him with what he considered was a smile. Guggenberg was pretty much of a dope, but he knew the big-time rackets.

"Drink?" wheezed the Jew.

"Uh-huh. Coca-cola. Busy?" said Snap cautiously.

"Fair, fair. You working?"

"Sure. Been taking a vacation last few weeks, though."

The Jew grinned. "I get you Snap. Just relaxing, huh? Well, maybe now you could take in a job? Easy little job, no risk—and fifteen per cent. of profits. . . ."

"Thirty," said Snap. "What 's the dope?"

Guggenberg lowered his voice and talked, and Snap's face set in attention. ". . . fifty grand worth of diamonds we got, bought for chickenfeed from one of them Russian dukes in Paris. Fetch two hundred here. And twenty per cent for you, Snap, if you run them past the Customs . . ."

Snap had never touched the diamond-smuggling game, but he knew about it. The U.S. Customs charge a 100-per-cent. import duty, so that prices in New York are very high, and, if you manage to bypass the Customs, you make a nice—a very nice—profit.

But the Customs knew some tricks, too. If they had tags on you—and they got to know of most big buys in Europe almost before they happened—they 'd tear your luggage to bits, cut up your soap, empty your toothpaste, sound your heels, X-ray you, and they 'd locate the stuff somehow.

And that was where Snap came in. "All you got to do is get the stuff off our man aboard and land it. You 're smart, Snap. You can do it. And you 're fresh to the game, so they won't suspect you. There 'll be plenty more jobs if you fix this up."

"O.K.," said Snap. "Give me a week to think up something. And I 'll take another coke."

Two weeks later, Snap was working as a photographer on the *Daily Wire*. The boys had a good laugh. "Always said that guy was yellow. Pictures, huh? Nursemaiding next."

But Snap just showed his yellow teeth and went on with his job which he rather liked, as it wasn't going to be honest. It had been easy enough to get. I told you he was an angel with a camera. The picture editor just looked at his stuff and said: "O.K. You start Monday?"

That night he met Guggenberg at the Jacob's Ladder.

"All fixed up, boss. Can't slip."

The Jew frowned anxiously. "On the level, Snap? We can't slip up on this. Those stones cost—plenty. What 's the scheme?"

"I 'm not talking yet. But you get your guy across on the Gigantic next week. I 'll get the stuff off. No fooling."

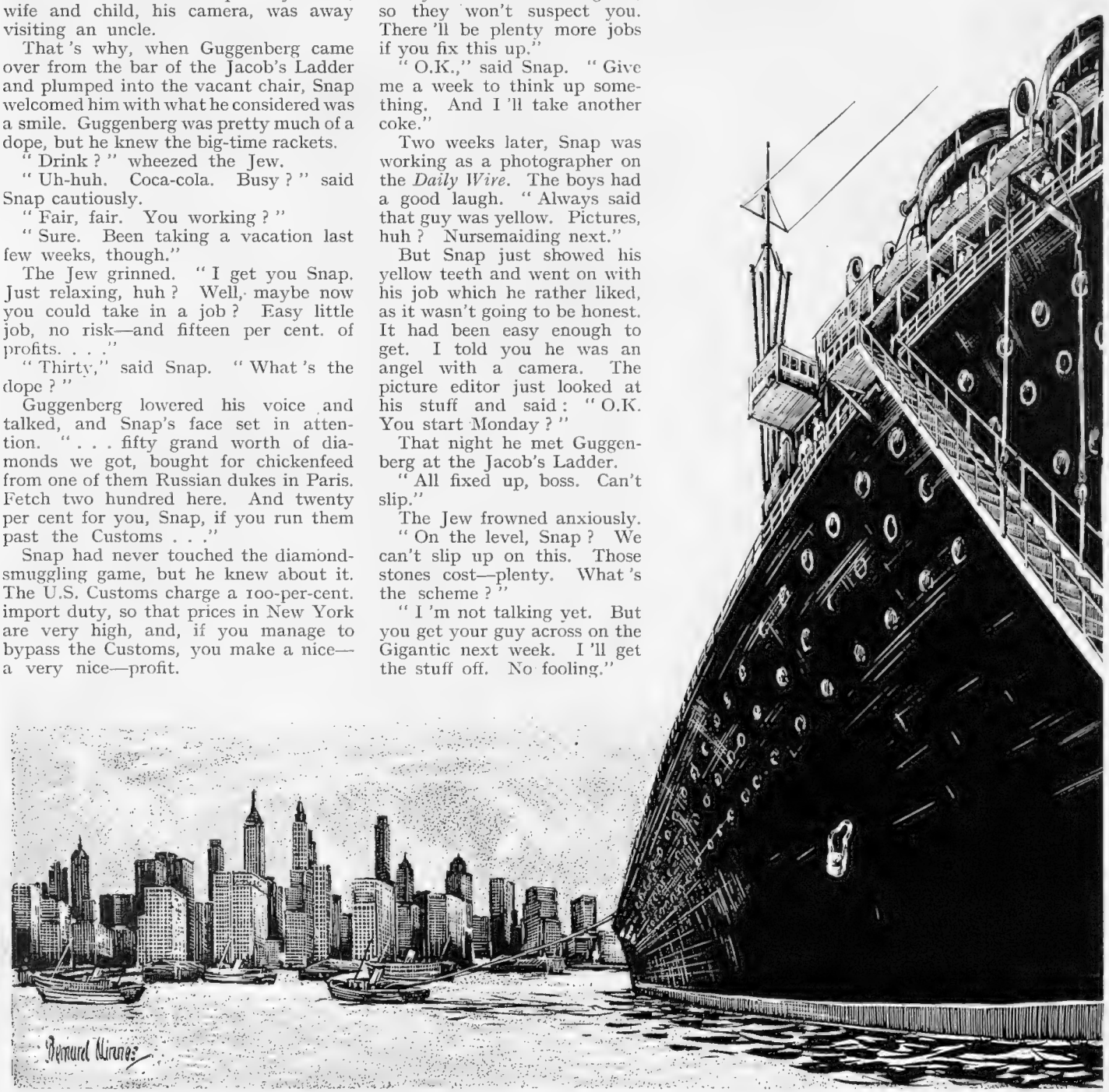
Guggenberg grimaced with relief. "Always said you 'd brains, Snap. When the others panned you, I told them . . ."

REPORTERS and cameramen from New York usually board incoming liners when they stop at Quarantine several hours before docking, and it 's not easy to rush negatives back to the evening papers. To defeat this delay, Snap's paper, and the rival *Evening Globe* used a very old trick.

As the two men clambered from the tossing cutter up the rope ladder which dangled down the Gigantic's high steel side, they carried not only powerful miniature cameras, but also wicker baskets from which came faint cooing sounds.

Snap was feeling good. Guggenberg's admiration and the praise of the *Wire* editor were at work. And when Snap felt pleased, he always reacted in the same way. Maybe that was why no

(Concluded on page viii)



Gertrud Wettergren—Court Singer to the King of Sweden

Gertrud Wettergren sings at Covent Garden next week for the second time: the first time was in 1936. On Friday, May 12th, she'll be Azucena the gipsy in *Il Trovatore*, which, unperformed at the Royal Opera House since 1927, will have Vittorio Gui as conductor. Gertrud Wettergren's career has one of those fairy-story beginnings where a child's hopeless longing becomes true because someone hears her sing. Her parents, living in the small Swedish town of Eslov, lost their money, and with it the chance to give their daughter the musical training her gifts deserved. But one day at a charity bazaar the late Crown Princess Margaret of Sweden, daughter of Prince Arthur of Connaught, heard a shy, big-eyed young girl sing so beautifully that when she knew the child's story she gave her help and encouragement to study and to succeed. Mme. Wettergren made her debut at the Royal Opera, Stockholm, as Cherubino in *Figaro*, and since then has sung in all the big opera houses of Northern Europe, as well as New York and London. She is Court Singer at the Court of King Gustav. The international opera season at Covent Garden opened under Sir Thomas Beecham's direction on Monday, when he conducted the first performance since 1907 of Smetana's *Die Verkaufte Braut*

Mary Hardwick *and her terrier greeted the sunshine with the modern equivalent of a book in a nook. Britain's "golden girl" of tennis has not, in fact, been doing much resting for, as well as taking the job in a store that Mrs. Little had when she was Dorothy Round, Miss Hardwick won the Surrey title last month, is now playing in the hard courts' championship at Bournemouth. She has started a fashion for "Greek-statue" tennis dresses, we are told, inspired by "fashions as worn by Greek girls on the Parthenon"*

Sir Harry Brittain *took the opportunity of warm weather to cast a clout and dig in his vegetable garden. He and Lady Brittain have found their "ideal retreat" on the corners of Hampshire, Surrey and Sussex, bought a 150-year-old cottage and reconditioned it with the aid of a landscape gardener and such labour as this*

". . Icumen In"

An L.P.T.B. poster said: "the daffodils are out—what about you?" These people all answered right

Three Suffolk Lords *out in the Suffolk sun at the Red Poll Cattle Society's spring show and sale at the Cattle Market, Ipswich, were Viscount Dunwich, Lord Cranworth, and the Earl of Cranbrook. The first, a retired Lieutenant-Commander, is heir to 10,000 Suffolk acres owned by his father, Lord Stradbroke; the second has retired from the Army after seeing two wars, lives at Woodbridge; the third is a County Councillor for East Suffolk (like Lord Dunwich) and a J.P., lives at Great Glemham House, Saxmundham*

Sir Edmund Crane, *director of the Hercules Cycle Company, was leader of a tour in North Wales made on their wares by chiefs of the cycle industry; he is here pumping-up before the start from Gobowen. We commend this splendid publicity stunt to other managers and directors, notably of firms making scooters or explosive cigars*

Florence Desmond *celebrated early summer weather by taking herself and Bonzo for a run. She and her husband have just moved from St. John's Wood to Hampstead, and he says that their old home (which had its own bar) was a slum compared to the new one; but don't tell their ex-neighbours in smart Acacia Road this. Her claim to take a page in the "Bystander" Flying Number: she is married to an airman, Charles Hughesdon, was formerly Mrs. Campbell Black*

Models for Goddesses, by W. Russell Flint, R.A.

Freddie's First Visit,

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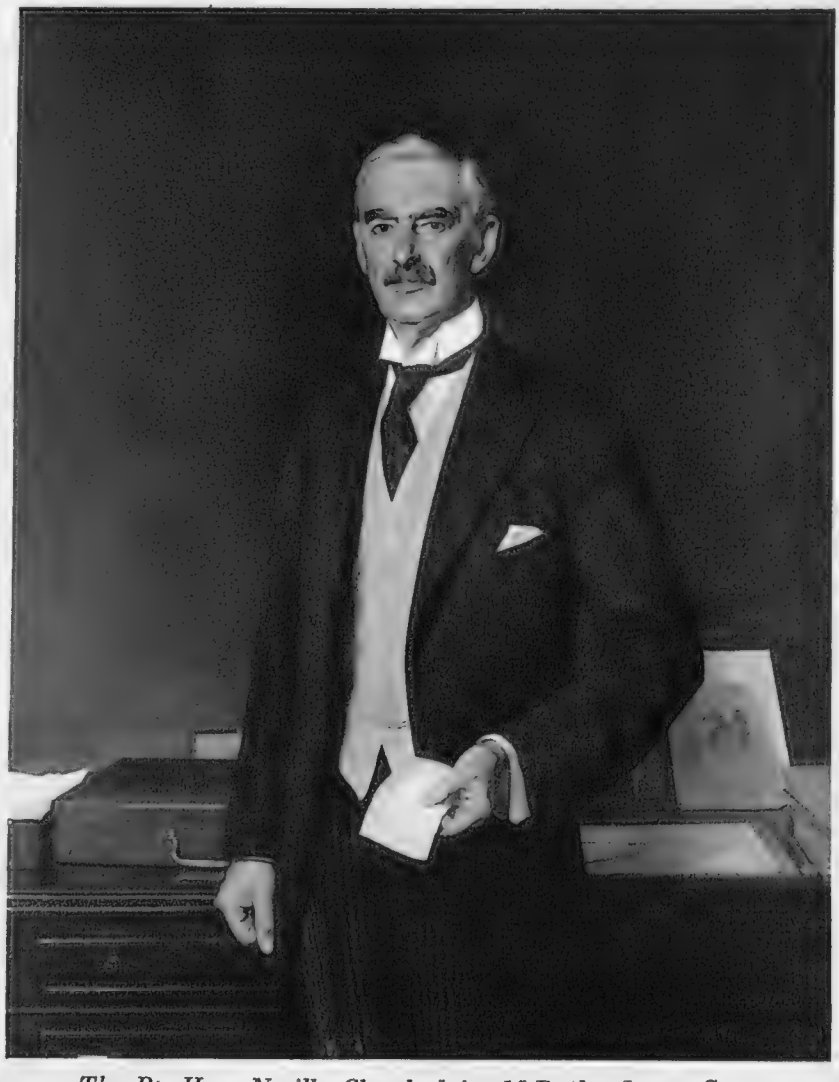
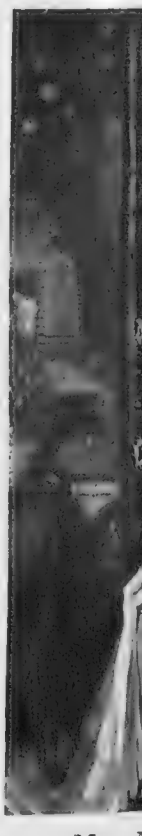
Mrs. Hubert Raphael, by Gerald L. Brockhurst, R.A.



The Rt. Hon. Neville Chamberlain, M.P., by James Gunn



Mrs.

by James W. Tucker

Why War? by Charles Spencelayh

The Royal Academy, 1939

Portraits and Story-Pictures by Some Pillars of Burlington House

Neville Chamberlain, by Oswald Birley

Gipsy Splendour, by Dame Laura Knight, R.A.

Mrs. R. B. Foster, by David Jagger

Family Trio

"Muffet" and "Jose" Dennistoun-Webster and their brother George were over in Cannes for the day from Juan-les-Pins, where their mother has taken a flat

Honeymoon Couple

Mr. and Mrs. Stephen Raphael have been honeymooning on the Riviera since their London wedding a month ago. He belongs to the well-known banking family, and she was Gabrielle Littlehales. Her mother, Comtesse de la Valta, lives in the South of France

The Hon. Betty ing with friend Lord Askwith's author on her in collaboration

France, South and North

Paris Wedding

Florrie Owen and Michel Dassonville had a big French-English-American wedding in Paris and a reception in the flat of her artist father, Richard Owen. They have gone to Morocco, Algiers and Tunis for their honeymoon, and will come back to live in the Square Bois de Boulogne house which is Mme. Dassonville's wedding-present from her millionaire husband

Wedding Guests

Between Johnnie McMullin and Burnet Pavitt is Lady Mendl, in a black straw hat specially created by a famous designer for the Dassonville-Owen wedding. Lady Mendl gave a dinner-party that evening for Sir Alfred Beit and his bride (Clementine Mitford that was), on their way through Paris

The Jean

Comte and Com Limurs were Dassonville- He is a film was Stella daughter of the

Writer

skwith has been stay-ear Cannes. She is ily daughter, and is an vn account, as well as ith Theodora Benson

Brother and Sister

Capt. Maurice Drummond and his sister Monica were at Monte Carlo Beach, which has just re-opened for the summer. They are the children of Col. the Hon. Maurice Drummond, Lord Perth's brother. Captain Drummond is in the Seaforths

Racing Motorist

Dick Seaman and his attractive German wife have also been down on the Riviera. He is well known as a racing driver all over Europe. She was Erica Popp before their marriage in London last December

A selection of the latest in Paris spring hats are on the heads of the trio on the right, and Mme. Lopez-Willshaw (below, right), who wore her tiny biscuit straw, pink and purple trimmed, with an alpaca suit. On the right are Señorita Lyna Rodriguez, from Colombia; Mme. Christian Dufaure, who was June O'Malley-Keyes; Princess Karem Kapurthala. With them is Señor Antenor Patino, the Bolivian Minister in London

Columbian, English, Indian, Bolivian

e Limurs

se Jean de so at the ven wedding. rector, and she haliapine, mous singer

Vendeuse

Mme. "Bijie" de Wardener, one of the most elegant women in Paris, had a special interest in Florrie Owen's wedding, since she sold the bride her trousseau. She is also the Duchess of Windsor's "vendeuse." She herself wore dark blue, with touches of white

Right: Mary Garden, the famous singer, was waiting for her car after the same wedding reception. She still takes a great interest in opera, and in the careers and training of young singers. Note the Légion d'Honneur ribbon on her coat

Miss Mary Garden

Mme. Lopez-Willshaw

Films of the Day

"Intelligence, Military," from Hollywood

By George Campbell

It was Mr. Aldous Huxley who pointed out that the *Encyclopædia Britannica* discusses "Intelligence" under three heads: "Intelligence, Human"; "Intelligence, Animal"; and "Intelligence, Military." Captain Jeff Allison (Patrick Knowles), who figures so gallantly in *Storm Over Bengal*, belongs to "Intelligence, Military." An English sahib if ever there was one. His brother (Richard Cromwell) is also a sahib, but an American sahib. The Viceroy, who is referred to as Sir John Galt in the synopsis and as Lord Galt in the film, is naturally the greatest sahib of the lot.

Rahman Khan, on the other hand, may be a khan, but he is practically no sahib at all. He murders and tortures with a suave smile, he broadcasts lies about the Raj from his private station in a cave in the hills, he is always wanting to take peaceful States under his protection, and he behaves generally in a way that would provoke our Foreign Office to write him a very stiff letter. His horsemen overtake a car full of British diplomats and Intelligence men, which is, perhaps, not such a feat as it sounds, and for a time his totalitarian technique carries all before it.

Then the brothers Allison take a hand. The English one advances into the heart of the Khan's territory behind a beard; the American one crashes a 'plane in the mouth of a ravine just in time to stop a column (advancing without scouts) from walking into a dastardly ambush.

He could, of course, have dropped a message. Instead, being in love with his brother's fiancée, he tucks it under his wrist-watch, charmingly inscribed "To a Good Soldier," knowing he will be hauled out of the burning wreckage before it becomes indecipherable. Meanwhile, his English brother has knocked out the Khan and most of his followers with his fists, and put down the revolt single-handed.

But the American Allison's sacrifice is not in vain. After all, the regiment might easily have been needed, and the girl thinks of him very tenderly, and the English brother consoles her by quoting Rupert Brooke's line about the corner of a foreign field that is for ever England. Cynics suggest he meant for ever Hollywood; but that is unworthy.

I enjoyed *Storm Over Bengal*. I liked its spirit, its plot, stirring and clean, and the care taken with details like the Khan's boxes with the label "Ammunition" clearly visible in long-shot, the British officers' quarters with the occupants' name, rank and decorations neatly painted above the front door; and the telegram signed "Lord John Caty Galt, Viceroy of India."

Two years ago, Warners produced a film called *The King and the Chorus Girl*. Then came the Abdication. The film was shown throughout America, but the fact that the hero is a monarch who has abdicated, and is played by Fernand Gravet, noted for a resemblance to Edward VIII., was sufficient to get it banned in this country.

Now they are showing it under the title *Romance is Sacred*, and it turns out to be an hour and forty minutes of practically nothing at all. A tale of a stupid, drunken young monarch out of a job, and his "romance" with an American girl from the Folies Bergère, is told without conviction and without wit; and the tempo is positively funereal. By a nice touch of irony, a film supposed to have been banned for its daring indiscretions proves to be the biggest bore for years.

For the opening of the new Paris Cinema, which looks like being an agreeable addition to the amenities of the West End, the Marquis de Casa Maury chose *La Bête Humaine*. He couldn't have done better. Jean Renoir's version of the Zola novel is terrific. A tale of sadism and homicidal madness is not everybody's meat, but the brave sincerity of the writing, the high poetical quality of Renoir's direction, and the power of Jean Gabin's acting, lift it out of the thriller class into the realm of art. Scene after scene combines the most sombre realism with tragic beauty, and it is a mark of Zola's distinction as a writer, and Renoir's as a director, that even Lantier, the sex murderer, and Séverine, the pretty wanton who begs him to kill her husband, emerge as recognisable human beings, with moments of sympathy and pathos. *La Bête Humaine* is a film in the same class as *Mayerling* and *Pépé le Moko*, and should on no account be missed.

"Alexander Nevski," the new picture by S. M. Eisenstein, Russia's greatest director, may never be shown publicly in this country. That's a pity, because, with all its faults of overstatement, it has great interest and rare pictorial distinction. As a gentle hint to the Nazis, Eisenstein has chosen the epic of Alexander Nevski, the hero who roused the Russians of Novgorod to defeat the invading German knights at the Battle of Pskov in 1242. It is hard to say which Eisenstein hates most, the Germans or the Church. His Russians are lively, gallant fellows, always ready for a jest or a drink, even in the midst of battle. (Curious how touch after touch in this ideological production by a highbrow recalls the most commercial of the Americans, Cecil B. de Mille.) The priests, on the other hand, are human crows, watching massacre with expressionless dead eyes; and the knights in their white gowns, with helmets slit crosswise and crosses on their shields, are gloomy fanatics, possessed of only one virtue, bravery.

Where an effect of horror is desired, directors invariably use black. Eisenstein has shown the terrific menace to be derived from a soulless, implacable white. I could do without some of the propaganda, and the battle scenes are too long and too confused, with thousands hacking as monotonously as woodcutters; but the man who plays Alexander Nevski is marvellously impressive, and the massed knights, with their lances and shields and banners held proudly on high, have a bitter, hateful beauty.

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Stars of the Film "A Young Man's Fancy," by F. M. Russell Flint

Young Russell Flint, son of W. Russell Flint, R.A., went down to Ealing to paint this picture for the 1939 Royal Academy. Stars of the film "A Young Man's Fancy" are Seymour Hicks, Phyllis Monkman and Violet Vanbrugh, in the foreground, Anna Lee and Billy Bennett in the background. The incident where Anna Lee, in dummy, is shot out of the cannon was illustrated in the "Bystander" of April 12th

Stream-line

The talk in the library is of pools and beats, of rival rods and tackle. And grand, satisfying, knowledgeable talk it is. The whisky in the glasses is Johnnie Walker. That is what you would expect such men to be drinking—a blend of all the finest whiskies of Scotland, a blend so smooth that one might almost say—the Major has just said it—that the word for Johnnie Walker is "stream-line."

Gentlemen!

your **Johnnie Walker —**

On Sure Ground—with

WILLS'S GOLD FLAKE—THE MAN'S CIGARETTE
THAT WOMEN LIKE

"Bystander" Northern Foursomes at Hesketh (17th Year)

The Last Two Days

By Eleanor E. Helme

"MRS. WHITFIELD and Mrs. Bason (Prestbury and Upton) (8)," is an entry that has appeared on the last ten draw-sheets of BYSTANDER Northern Foursomes; on the seven preceding ones, Mrs. Bason figured with a variety of partners. In short, Mrs. Bason has played in every BYSTANDER Northern Foursome, and now, at long last, she and Mrs. Whitfield have won them. To call such a performance a triumph of trying again, or deserved, or popular, is so obvious as to be dull; but it is the truth, and though the crowd clapped brave efforts against this pair, there can hardly have been anyone present who did not feel it was their turn to win.

There are various other facts worth noting. One is that no all-Cheshire pair have ever won before, Miss Chambers and Mrs. Macbeth not having done this in concert up North. Another—and this is, perhaps, the most remarkable of all—the semi-final at Hesketh was only the third match in all these seventeen Northern Foursomes in which Mrs. Bason has received strokes. She did in the first of them all, from Miss Chambers and Miss Joyce Wethered; she and Mrs. Whitfield did last year from Mrs. Rhodes and Miss Clark; and this year Miss Peggy Edwards and Mrs. Wood gave them one. This year alone, the pair gave twenty-seven.

It was a real exhibition of foursome golf at its best, in the sense that this pair can play bad shots without demoralising each other; indeed, if one plays badly, the other seems all the more likely to play well.

It is a gift possessed, too, by Mrs. Somerville and Miss Green, runners-up this year, winners last; and it was one emphatic reason why they came through again. As for the semi-finalists, the back-markers, Mrs. Wood and Miss Peggy Edwards, struck their worst form just when they needed their best; and so did Mrs. Drake and Miss Mathers.

But all that is anticipating. Let us get back to the fourth round, not yet played when last week's article went to the post.

THURSDAY morning was like every other of the week: bright sun, a cool and delicious breeze off the sea. Mrs. Wood and Miss Edwards opened the proceedings, giving two strokes and having a desperate time of it with a pair of young sisters from Pannal, Mrs. Hayes and Miss Burton. The couples fairly bandied long putts at each other, or, if not long, then one putts resulting from good chips. Yorkshire had seven, Lancashire six; and the net result was that Lancashire, after turning square, won on the last green, but not before the White Roses had earned plenty of respect.

Red Roses were harshly dealt with in the next match, for Miss Ollier and Mrs. Freeman failed by 5 and 4 to give four strokes to Miss Jones and Miss Shutt of Pleasington; but Red and White mixed won a desperate struggle in the next match, Mrs. Soppitt and Miss Campenett winning on the last green from Mrs. Stoddart and Miss Ritchie, who had been up practically the whole time.

Mrs. Bason and Mrs. Whitfield gave six

The Winners Take Their Cups

Mrs. W. M. Whitfield and Mrs. A. Bason (Prestbury and Upton: joint handicap, 8) won the seventeenth "Bystander" Ladies' Northern Foursomes by beating the holders, Mrs. Somerville and Miss Green, by 1 hole. Mr. B. Hanmer and Mrs. Stephenson, captains of Hesketh, presented the prizes. Mrs. Bason has played in every Northern Foursomes tournament, and for the last ten years with Mrs. Whitfield

The Runners-up and Their Bowls

Mrs. H. Somerville and Miss D. F. Green (Sand Moor: joint handicap, 25), the Yorkshire holders of the Foursomes cups, exchanged them at Hesketh this year for sets of soup bowls, having been beaten on the last green in the hard-fought final by Mrs. Bason and Mrs. Whitfield. Behind can be seen Mrs. Stephenson, Hesketh captain, and Miss Helme

Semi-finalists

Mrs. W. H. Wood and Miss Peggy Edwards (Manchester: 5) were beaten 4 and 2 in the semi-finals by the winners, Mrs. Whitfield and Mrs. Bason. They had beaten Mrs. D. Hayes and Miss P. Burton in the fourth round, Miss Jones and Miss Shutt in the fifth

Semi-finalists

Mrs. R. Drake (Cleckheaton) and Miss M. Mathers (Headingley) (9) were the other semi-finalists, losing 4 and 2 to the runners-up. Their fourth-round victims were Miss C. Bridgford and Mrs. Edwards, in the fifth round Miss Goldsworth and Miss Taylor

Mrs. W. Stewart and Mrs. E. Morland (Birkdale: 25) were fourth-round losers, by 2 and 1, to the ultimate winners, Mrs. Whitfield and Mrs. Bason

Mrs. D. H. Hayes and Miss Peggy Burton, 10-handicap sisters from Pannal, lost their fourth-round match by 2 holes to semi-finalists Mrs. Wood and Miss P. Edwards

Miss K. Heaton and Miss A. Mellor (Rhos-on-Sea: 14) were knocked out by 5 and 4 in the fifth round by the runners-up, Mrs. Somerville and Miss Green

strokes to Mrs. Stewart and Mrs. Morland, from Birkdale, and a pretty stiff fight was only won by 2 and 1. Miss Heaton and Miss Mellor, giving two, had to go the full eighteen to beat a Royal Lytham and St. Anne's pair, Mrs. C. F. Bull and Mrs. Wilson; the holders, Mrs. Somerville and Miss Green, gave two strokes to Mrs. and Miss Crawford, and won by 3 and 2; Mrs. Drake and Miss Mathers, who reached the fourth round last year, did what they wanted by reaching the fifth this morning, at the expense of Miss Bridgford and Mrs. Edwards, whom they beat by 3 and 2. Last out came Miss Goldsworth and Miss Taylor, winning at the nineteenth from Mrs. Broadbent and Mrs. Hardicker.

THE fifth round, with the prizes dangling so near and yet so far, often produces rather tremulous golf; it seemed, however, to inspire Mrs. Wood and Miss Edwards, who gave six strokes to Miss Jones and Miss Shutt, and won by 8 and 6.

Mrs. Bason and Mrs. Whitfield, on the other hand, had to agonise for nineteen holes before they could dispose of Miss Campenett and Mrs. Soppitt, to whom they gave one stroke. Except for losing the first hole, Mrs. Bason's side was never down, but six times their one up was pulled back to square, the last time at the seventeenth, where Miss Campenett put a lovely tee shot eight feet from the pin. Each handed the eighteenth to each other, and then Mrs. Whitfield, as if tired of such tomfoolery, rolled in a five-yard putt to win the nineteenth in four. She is an inspiring putter, rolling the ball up to the hole so smoothly that every putt looks as if it must drop.

Mrs. Somerville is another who does this; either, or both, could give valuable lessons in putting to a good many internationals that may be thought of. Putting, amongst other things, took her and Miss Green home by 5 and 4 that afternoon from Miss Heaton and Miss Mellor; and to complete the quartette of prize-winners, Mrs. Drake and Miss Mathers, having turned three down, came up, with typical Yorkshire pluck, to win by 2 and 1 from Miss Goldsworth and Miss Taylor.

THUS was the stage set for the semi-finals. Mrs. Bason and Mrs. Whitfield, receiving their one precious stroke, started so well as to seem almost untrue, for they won the first four holes. Perfect as were the figures, that ought not to have stopped Mrs. Wood

(*Concluded on page* viii)

Mrs. Thompson, Miss Gillispie

Miss D. Goldsworth (Birkdale) and Miss E. Taylor (Pleasington: 9) lost 3 and 1 in the fifth round to semi-finalists Mrs. Drake and Miss Mathers

The mother-and-daughter pair from Auchterarder, Mrs. K. M. Crawford and Miss Elsie Crawford, playing off 30, were beaten in the fourth round by Mrs. Somerville and Miss Green

Mrs. H. V. Newton and Mrs. Medrington (Birkdale: 9) were a fancied pair who were knocked out in the second round. They had beaten in the first round Mrs. E. Thompson and Miss J. Gillispie (Woolton: 30) (above)

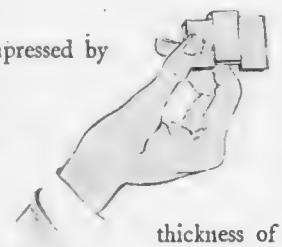
I *measured* A FLY'S LEG

. . . But that was nothing. I actually saw a millionth part of an inch being measured. Let me start at the beginning, though.

We were staying with friends in Essex and visited the Ford Works at Dagenham to see how our Ford "Eight" had been made. It was a fascinating trip, even for me, who never knew the first thing about engineering.

Tom, I think, was most impressed by the way they do everything at Dagenham, from unloading iron ore on the Ford jetty right up to driving the finished car out of the works. The Ford works is more than a motor car factory, he says, it's a whole combination of industries. That's how they can ensure such high standards.

As a woman who is used to a tape measure, what interested me most of all were the precision gauges. It used to be thought that sufficient accuracy could be obtained by measuring the work done on lathes and similar machines with ordinary rules. Ford now controls this type of work with gauges of really wonderful accuracy. These gauges are in turn checked by Johansson master gauges in a special laboratory, an air-conditioned room in which the temperature is kept constant. They are amazing.

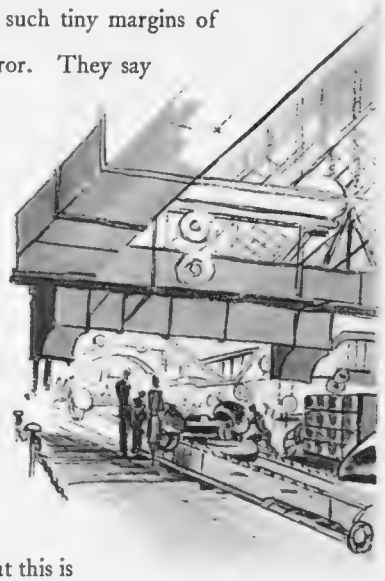


One-thirtieth the thickness of a fly's leg is about one ten-thousandth of an inch. Imagine a measurement ten times as fine as the thickness of a cigarette paper. Yet an error as slight as this is considered of vital importance at Dagenham ! There is one instrument used for checking gauges so fine that it can measure a millionth part of an inch and shows you if there is an error ! Other devices for testing to one ten-thousandth part of an inch are child's play compared to this.

Johansson gauges are so accurately made that, when pressed together, they have to be *pulled apart !*

* * *

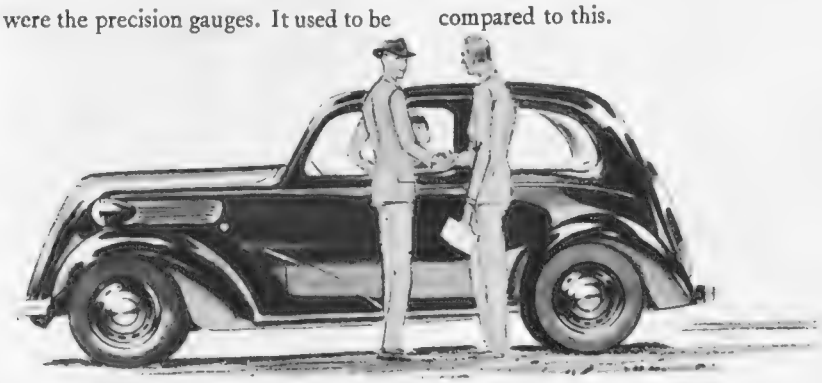
We went right through the factory and saw just how our car was made. Very wonderful it was ! It is strange to think that such vast machines can be controlled to such tiny margins of error. They say



that this is necessary so that Ford Parts are interchangeable all over the world.

As we drove off in our Ford, Tom said : "No one who has seen what we have seen to-day would ever buy another make of car."

And I agree.



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J. S. F. Morrison on Golf

Halford Hewitt Heroes

DURING the Halford Hewitt Cup meeting at Deal every year, there are numerous most exciting and thrilling matches, which, of necessity, are unsung except by the members of the two teams concerned, or even by only the four players concerned. There are so many matches played during this tournament that it is quite impossible to take cognisance of all the various incidents and shots of interest. If my counting is correct, no fewer than 250 matches were played during the four days at Deal this year.

At Deal, when this competition is being played, nearly everyone delights to see one of the smaller schools, or one of the weaker sides, beat one of the bigger schools or one of the stronger teams, provided, of course, that it is not their own school which suffers defeat.

Halford Hewitt, delighted to see one of the small schools beat a big school, expressed the view that these results are all to the good of the tournament. A friend replied: "I quite agree with you. Wouldn't it be wonderful for the competition if Taunton beat Charterhouse?" Hewitt in this case did not appear to be in sympathy with his friend's remarks.

THERE were this year some very fine performances by the smaller schools and weaker teams. The Old Boys of St. Bees, led by Brigadier-General Critchley, fresh from his success at Addington, and nobly supported by Mrs. Critchley, distinguished themselves greatly by getting into the fourth round by beating, in turn, Shrewsbury, Haileybury and Wellington. They finally went down fighting to Harrow, who carried too many and too big guns for them.

The Old Bees were very fortunate to get through the first round, in which they played the Old Salopians. With the score at two matches each, Shrewsbury had only to get down in two putts on the eighteenth green from about ten feet for victory. Then a most extraordinary thing happened; the first Salopian to play, either through nervousness or carelessness, contrived to pull the putt round his neck, hit the other ball, knocked it to the edge of the hole and laid his partner a stymie; the latter then proceeded to pot the opposing ball, and all was lost. Just think! Two putts for a win from ten feet, and three putts for a half, and then to lose; it is hardly credible, but it is a fact. St. Bees had another very close match in the second round, when they beat Haileybury by three matches to one, C. G. S. Harden and E. S. Browne winning the deciding match on the nineteenth green. They then had a comfortable victory over Wellington, before going down to the big guns of Harrow.

THE Old Lerpoolians, the Old Boys of Liverpool College, have a wonderful record in this tournament. They played in it for the first time in 1937, when they reached the final, to find Charterhouse a little too experienced for them, although they did win the top match. This year they reached the semi-final, and were again defeated by Charterhouse. They are a young side, very enthusiastic, keen to improve their golf, and play in a cheerful manner whether they are winning or losing, and certainly enjoy their golf, which is more than can be said with truth of many golfers of the present day when taking part in competitive golf. On their three visits to Deal the Old Lerpoolians have played in twelve matches, an extraordinarily good record.

Blundell also did very well this year. They beat a number of "bees"—Bradfield, Bedford, and Brighton—before getting defeated by Liverpool.

Bedford were the heroes of the first day. They beat the strong Scottish team of the Watsonian G.S.; many members of this team have represented their country at golf. Bedford got home by the skin of their teeth. They won by three matches to two, winning two matches by one hole and the third on the seventeenth green. A match in the first encounters, which everyone expected to be most interesting and exciting, namely, Winchester versus Eton, came up to expectations. Eton were without their king, who might very easily, if he had been able to play, have turned the tide in his side's favour.

AS things turned out, the result hung in the balance until all the matches had been completed. Winchester, with more foursome golfers and fewer talkers in their team than they usually have, just managed to scramble home in three of the four matches they won; two matches were won by one hole, and one on the nineteenth green. In the latter match, Eton stood one up on the eighteenth tee; at this hole, one Etonian incurred the displeasure of a most ardent supporter of Eton by taking wood out of long grass, and thus making it unnecessary for Winchester to get a four to keep the match alive.

THE alterations to the course met with general approval. I do not think that there is any doubt that, when the new greens and fairways have settled down, the course at Deal will compare very favourably with the other courses on which championships are played. One critic of wide golfing experience stated that he would like to see some of the other championship courses seriously damaged by an invasion of the sea. It has been shown at Deal how very minor and inexpensive alterations to existing holes can improve certain holes out of all knowledge; examples on the course of the Royal Cinque Ports G.C. are the eighth, ninth, twelfth and thirteenth holes.

The English Amateur Championship

Two hundred and ten amateur golfers gathered at Birkdale at the beginning of last week in the hopes of becoming English champion. One of them was 18-year-old Tom Hiley (Southport), and his hopes lasted until there were forty odd possibles, when he was beaten in the fourth round by S. E. Banks (Hallamshire) by 2 and 1

Kenneth Thom, the sixteen-year-old and youngest competitor in the English championship, here driving from Birkdale's fifth, made an excellent start by victories over four experienced players before he was put out in the fifth round by J. S. Mitchley (our correspondent's victor). On the right is E. S. Nugent Head (Surrey) who beat one of the three favourites at the nineteenth in the fourth round — Harry Bentley, who started the week with a temperature of 102°. Nugent Head was beaten in the fifth round by C. W. Mole

This England . . .

North Wiltshire

THE story of Wiltshire is very English—in its busy-ness and love of peace. Domesday records 590 mills; later came wool, and blankets, and silk, and the first tobacco pipes. But to be thus busy the people needed peace . . . and were prepared to fight therefor. So in 1645, when roving bands from broken armies menaced all the land, arose the "Clubmen", or armed civilians, whose sole object was peace and the systematic punishment of King's man or Roundhead caught at plunder. This firm attitude to peace has given England much of her greatness and Englishmen their good living . . . whether it be carpets from Wilton, or engines from Swindon or that great beer called Worthington—brewed by men of peace to give strength and courage to stand up for peace.

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The "Bystander" Bookshelf

"The 'Ole Phenomenon of Life"

By V. S. Pritchett

AFTER reading Mr. St. John Philby's *Sheba's Daughters* (Methuen; 21*s.*), which describes his north to south crossing of Arabia, his visit to Shabwa, the hitherto unknown city on the spice road of the Hadhramaut, and his testy quarrels with the British Government officials in Aden, one reflects that all the leading Arabia travellers have been English and all have been odd. There is something in Arabia which sets the English agin' the Government. This is understandable. Arabia is the perfect anarchist State; a benevolent personal military autocracy dispenses with the State and, giving a pretty free rein to personal truculence and eccentricity, rules through the easily accepted tyranny of custom. The repressed anarchist in every romantic Englishman responds at once. He dashes for freedom and has not to submit to the deep brand of Muslim tradition which is stamped upon people who look freer than they are.

I am not up in the natural rivalries of the English Arabians. Such rivalries are common to all explorers. Mr. St. John Philby, who is described as Ibn Saud's political adviser, and who travelled under his protection, is, of course, out to show the superiority of Ibn Saud's influence to that of the Aden officials, and this puts some heavy sarcasm into the book. But Mr. Philby, when he set out for Shabwa, had the annoyance of knowing that a young German called Helfritz had been there before him—the German who had given so much anxiety to Miss Freya Stark also when she was trying for the same place. Aden, I have no doubt, rocks with gossip about the rivalries of the Hadhramaut.

Actually, Helfritz was more or less thrown out of Shabwa the moment he arrived, and his book tells one little about it. Mr. Philby, on the other hand, though second, like Caillé in Timbuctoo, is the first to give a full account of those famous ruins. Not a pillar of the sixty temples, alleged by Pliny, now stands. Mr. Philby was harassed by an escort of the total male and infant population. Chiefly given to salt-mining and civil war with their own suburbs, they turned antique dealers overnight. If Mr. Philby refused to buy, the vendor at once threw the antique away in disgust. There was some trouble when disputants accused each other of pulling off bits of each other's houses in the hope of turning a dishonest *rival*. (Mr. Philby is a hardened and autocratic bargainer—an autocrat, one gathers, all round.) The ruins, the longed-for remains of the celebrated temple of Astarte, were disappointing. Shabwa was "poor, vicious and mean." But in one respect, though it listened uncomprehending to the Palestine broadcasts, Shabwa and the Hadhramaut generally was much like the greater world. Its blood feuds and perpetual civil strife have reached the point where the inhabitants are said to be looking to Ibn Saud (as to another Roosevelt) to reform them. Mr. Philby's explorations went much further. He went to the edge of the Empty Quarter. In his car and with his escort he was travelling for many months, and geographically his book has great importance. He is a high-tempered writer of some vanity, with a crackling sardonic humour, proud of his knowledge, intensely curious and argumentative. There are two small passages which stay in my mind after reading this massive book. One, describing the arrival in Shabwa, is one of the best arrival pieces I have read in travel. He has got the feeling of wariness. The other, describing how, in the desert at night, moths fly not to the lamps but to the glitter of moisture on the water-bags, is one of those small things which bring the desert more dramatically to the senses than pages of purple writing.

Anthony

Charles Moor

Has been stage-director or producer at Covent Garden for most of the international opera seasons since the war, is once more in the thick of it for Sir Thomas Beecham's season, now three days old. Mr. Moor has produced and conducted opera in Germany and other countries since the beginning of the century

"MOUNTAIN FLAT," by Leonard Mann (Cape; 7*s.* 6*d.*), is an interesting Australian novel about the feuds of struggling farmers who are working in a derelict gold-digging. The region is decaying. In the nearest town the huge gaudy pubs and public buildings are hints of an overdone past; and the problem of the farmers is to scratch a living on a new low level of subsistence. The second generation emigrants are reverting to their English, Irish, German and Italian peasant nature, their marriages and love-affairs are half-sentimentally of the industrial period, half the land bargains of peasant Europe. This is a less self-conscious book than *Murder in Sydney*, its predecessor, rather dull and muddled in its writing at the beginning; but it pulls itself together and is just the kind of book a Book Society chooses.

THERE is a surprising Australian link in Mr. Mark Benney's life of Ironfoot Jack or Professor Curio, that pigtailed ignoramus and eccentric of the Soho bars who appears in most books about the London underworld. *What Rough Beast?* (Peter Davies; 8*s.* 6*d.*) is pretentiously written, but the material is extraordinary and often gorgeously comic. Ironfoot Jack, with his astrology, his smattering of Bloomsbury talk, his Hyde Park atheism, his cult of "Booty," his "Pholosephy," his "Idology," his café-trading in clairvoyance, jewellery, perfumes, second-hand books, antiques, is the musty charlatan. The worlds of fact and imagination merge indisguishably. "Can you levitate?" he was asked. "I used to," he answered with grave and irresistible innocence, "before I got my iron foot." Black magic and Buddhism have supplied their items. His weekly visits to the British Museum make him remark of the Buddha in the Indian Religious room: "The explanation of the 'ole phenomenon of life! Superrationism puts the mockers on the law of Chance."

The bed bugs of Wormwood Scrubs "are inhabited by the Karma of dead warders." But in general his career in a reformatory, gypsy caravans, fairs, clubs, and an obscure but profitable messiah-ship of the '20s, has led him to the practical outlook of the philosophic "grafter." Society is divided into the "mugs," "lunatics," "bushwers," and "stereotypes." A monkey, it is said, put to the typewriter will eventually type out the works of Shakespeare. Professor Curio is in the early stages of accidental learning. He got his topsy-turvy intellectual start from Bacon's *Advancement of Learning*—of all unreadable books. Mr. Benney, with real insight, draws a convincing portrait of the muddled cunning, the groping innocence, the pleasing vanity, the secretive acquisitiveness of this underworld solitary, who gets a haphazard living out of the credulous, and is very vain of his legend.

MR. GEORGE DIGBY is a lively yarner with an eye for the startling, the scandalous and amusing and a gift for the loud metaphor. Manila Mary of Shanghai, "who made harlotry respectable," Australia and the wandering Jew, ghosts, opium, aphrodisiac fishes, a dash of politics—that is the kind of mixture in *Down Wind* (Collins; 12*s.* 6*d.*), a book incorrigibly bright.

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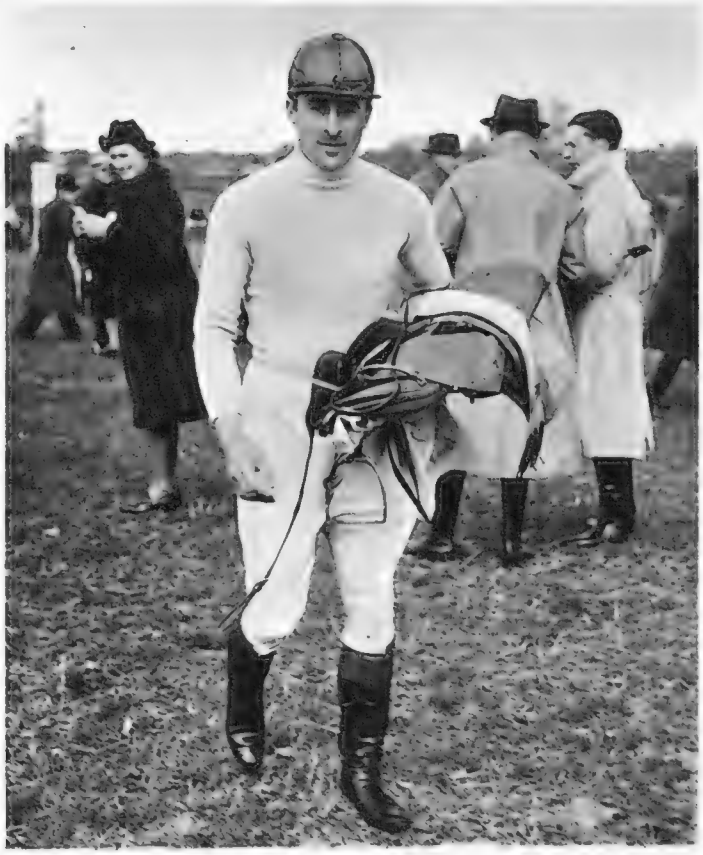
Sportfolio: Out-of-doors activities were not upset by a burst of real April weather



The Master Wins His Race

The Essex and Suffolk held their point-to-point near Clacton for the first time for twenty years over a 3¼-mile course at Little Clacton Lodge. A good crowd saw Peter Crossman, Master of the Essex side of the hunt, make a popular win in the Members' Race on his Red Beryl. He is the son of the late Percy Crossman, a former Master

They Smashed Most Clay

Clay pigeon marksmen gathered at the West London Shooting grounds, near Greenford, for the fifteenth annual sporting championships of Great Britain, and saw Mr. F. Garlick and Miss M. Preston carry off the cups they hold here. Mr. Garlick comes from Kirkham, near Blackpool, Miss Preston from Littleton Park

Mr. and Mrs. Shayes—Parents

The top player of last year's Davis Cup team, who was secretly married in Paris during Wimbledon, has now become a father: Mrs. Shayes—Queenie Hargreaves before her marriage—presented him with a son a month ago

Peter Kershaw

Has won the amateur rackets for the first time. He was captain of rackets and squash rackets when at Oxford, learnt his game at Rugby

Ralph Grant

Captains the West Indies cricket team in the forthcoming series in which England is challenger. He was photographed at the team's first appearance at Lord's nets last week

T. F. B. Law

Won the individual championship and the Black Watch Gold Medal with 77+72=149 in the Army G.S. meeting at Sandwich. He is in the R.A.S.C.

Gardener's Chronicle

Rhododendrons

By R. C. Jenkinson

Reds

In those who garden where rhododendrons will not grow, this article will lighten up the green eye of jealousy, or else they will fling it down in bored disgust. For them I write not. Mid-April is in many gardens a peak moment for this family, so this is a good time to deal with the earlier members of it, especially as I spent this afternoon in one of the best gardens in England.

Just now red is the predominant colour, and comes mainly from three old species, Thomsonii, barbatum and arboreum (blood red), and one new one, neriiflorum, and their hybrids. The last is a bush with narrowly oval leaves, glaucous beneath, and in mature plants is covered by loose trusses of light scarlet flowers. It grows up to a maximum of eight feet, as broad as it is high, and while it is at its best in April, will produce a truss or two of flowers all through the year. It is, given a sheltered position, quite hardy in any garden where rhododendrons are happy.

The first three are amongst the earliest introductions to this country: they were sent here by Sir Joseph Hooker about one hundred years ago, from the Himalayas, and are responsible for some of our best early red hybrids. Barbatum is the earliest to flower, in March, with flowers of startling scarlet, in rather small trusses, which glow in the rare sunlight of that month. It grows up to thirty feet and has a lovely pinkish-brown trunk: it is slow to reach flowering age, but is so good and hardy that it is well worth waiting for.

Arboreum, the great tree-like rhododendron of the mountain forests of India, varies a lot in colour and leaf. The red form is glorious, but is not very hardy and should only be planted in warm gardens. Its leaves are silvery beneath and, as in all forms of this species, it forms a straight trunk with stiff lateral branches. They all have flowers carried in round, rather tight heads. The pink and white forms are also very beautiful and are much hardier. In the white, the leaves often have a bright tawny underside, which much enhances the whitening of the flowers.

Thomsonii is perhaps the best known of these three, with rounded, grey-green leaves, a smooth cinnamon-pink stem, and flowers in late April or early May, bell-shaped, fleshy, in loose heads; they are crimson-scarlet and carried in such profusion on mature plants as to weigh down the branches. This very profusion of flower demands that the dead heads be removed, so as to prevent the formation of seed, otherwise the plant will wear itself out, and not flower well every year. But really this remark applies to all rhododendrons, and its importance cannot be too strongly impressed on everyone who grows them. Apart from the benefit that accrues to the plant, they are so much more attractive *without* their seed-heads, but *with* the delicate young shoots, which, without this picking over, they have not the guts to produce with anything like the same strength.

Yellows

This colour is less common, but still it is found in several species. Campylocarpum is the best known: introduced by Hooker from the Himalayas over one hundred years ago, it is generally at its best about the first week of May, with leaves that resemble those of Thomsonii and smaller, bell-shaped flowers of clear yellow. It grows up to some eight feet, is hardy and very free-flowering, so much so that it should be fed with old manure and leaves, or it will deteriorate.

Rh. Wardii, only introduced within the last twenty years, is similar, but a dwarfer plant with more saucer-shaped flowers, sometimes with a crimson blotch. One of the loveliest bits of rhododendron planting I know consists of these two species and big bushes of Augustinii, a most floriferous shrub with rather flat two-inch flowers of mauve or lavender-blue, which literally obscure the foliage of mature bushes.

Rh. lutescens is a very attractive yellow: flowering in late March or April, its flowers will be damaged if that period is frosty, but it is very lovely, not only as to its dainty butterfly-like flowers, but also its bronzy-red young foliage.

A new introduction which is quite easy and of considerable charm and beauty is called xanthocodon. It has oval, glaucous-green leaves, and hanging bell-shaped flowers of lovely "greenish" or moonlight yellow. Its close cousin, concatenans, is much like it, but pale apricot in colour. These two have come to stay in our gardens.

Hardiness

Now, the question of hardiness in rhododendrons is a matter of opinion. There are but few, out of the vast number of species and hybrids available to-day, that are worth growing, which can be slapped down in the middle of an open space in full sun and exposed to all weathers, always excepting the dwarf lapponicum series, which in their native Tibet take the place of heather on our own mountains—of these later. No, to be called "hardy" a plant must not necessarily be able to put up with such treatment, like a berberis or lilac. I think that by far the best for this treatment is our old friend "ponticum," in its different shades of mauve, as most people will agree who have seen the great masses of it, now semi-wild, in flower in many parts of England.

Rhododendrons for the most part are plants of the light, open woodland, preferably on sloping or undulating ground. Where these conditions are not found, the beds backed by a belt of trees or tall shrubs on the east, so that the early morning sun cannot reach the young shoots and flowers, and a few small flowering trees, such as cherry or mountain ash, to dapple the southern sunlight, are admirable.

Books on the family, a visit to a good rhododendron garden, and the advice of a knowledgeable friend (if you are a beginner) are the best means of deciding how to plant and what to plant, so as to avoid disappointment.

Blanche Henrey

***Rhododendron lutescens** has pale yellow butterfly-like flowers and narrow tapered leaves, reddish-bronze when young, which enhance the flowers. It grows about eight feet high*

• THE "BYSTANDER" FLYING SECTION

The R.A.F. Flies On

By Captain Harold Balfour, M.C., M.P., Under-Secretary of State for Air

Last month the Royal Air Force celebrated its twenty-first birthday. Formed in the most critical months of the last year of the Great War, at the Armistice the Royal Air Force comprised the most powerful air fleet in the world. It was during the next ten years, when this country was showing an example of disarmament which the rest of the world unfortunately refused to follow, that our Air Force dropped to fifth place on the list of world air powers. Since 1934 we have been climbing up the ladder of comparative strengths. We are still mounting, and shall continue to mount until we have an Air Force sufficient for the needs of our protection at home and overseas and adequate to fulfil such international obligations as this country has undertaken.

Some idea of this enormous expansion which is taking place in every direction can be gained from looking at the figure of Air expenditure in 1934, which was under £18,000,000, and comparing it with the figure of nearly £206,000,000 which Parliament passed as our Air Estimates for the current year. Another striking comparison is shown by the fact that the intake of recruits during the year ended March 31st, 1939—over 35,000 men—was more than the total personnel strength of the Royal Air Force in 1934.

In twenty-one years equally amazing progress has been made in Service aircraft. We have travelled a long way from the time when pilots used to talk of pre-war aeroplanes as: "All out at 40 miles an hour. A dead man at 38." The War necessitated over-rapid technical development in the direction of producing increased performance for fighter aircraft, often to the inevitable neglect of aerodynamic characteristics, for in those days there was little time for scientific research and development. The stage from the pre-war aeroplane to the R.A.F. fighter of 1918, remarkable as it was, has been fully equalled, in the improvement of performance, by the stage from 1918 to the present. It is a far cry from the Sopwith "Camel," with its 110-horse-power rotary engine, to the "Spitfire" fighter of to-day, capable of a speed of over 350 miles an hour and with an armament of eight machine-guns. Not only in speed but in range as well great strides can be seen. Compare, for instance, the non-stop record flight of 650 miles set up by Captain (now Air Vice-Marshal Sir Charles) A. H. Longcroft, when in November 1913 he flew from Montrose to Farnborough via Portsmouth, with the world's non-stop record of 7158 miles captured for this country by the Royal Air Force Long-Range Development Unit, when in November last, under the leadership of Squadron-Leader Kellett, three "Wellesley" type aircraft flew from Cairo to Australia.

The main duty and task of the Royal Air Force must consist in being ready at all hours of the day and night to fulfil its purpose if called upon, and I believe everyone will agree that, while building up in peace time the necessary efficiency for this state of preparedness, the Royal Air Force since 1918 has placed to its credit achievements which are comparable in display of courage and initiative with those of its predecessors, the Royal Flying Corps and the Royal Naval Air Service between 1914 and 1918.

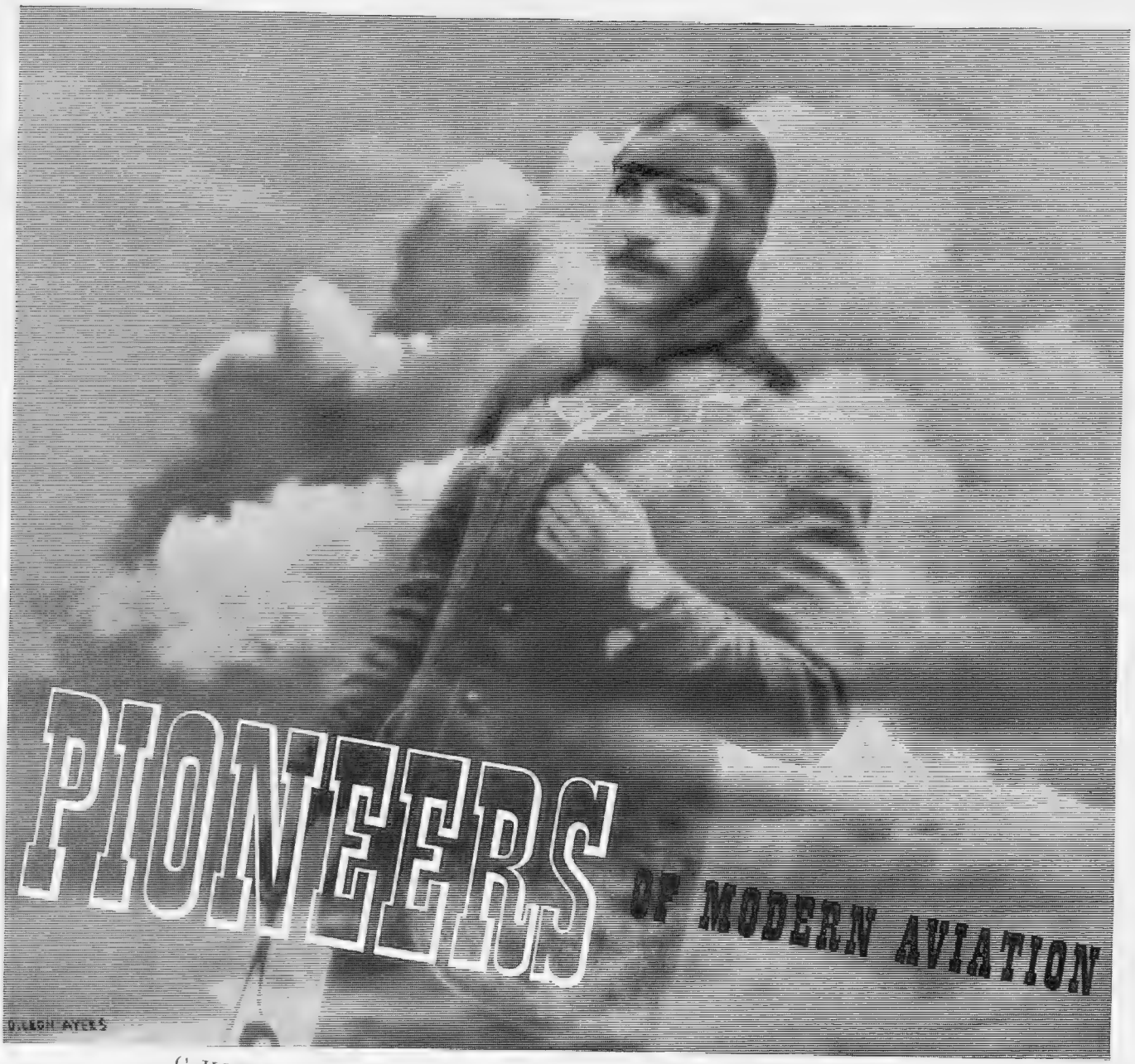
Charles E. Brown

Hawker "Hurricanes" seen in action. These single-seater fighters, with their Rolls-Royce engines, have set the pace for defence. Their speed exceeds 300 miles an hour. The picture at the top of this page shows a Hawker "Henley," a two-seater light bomber with the performance of a scout

An important part of the peace-time work of the Service has been the development of long-range flying as a normal routine exercise. From small beginnings the long-distance work has increased year by year until flights such as were once regarded as pioneering efforts, to be undertaken only by selected officers, are now carried out daily by young flying officers in the ordinary course of their duties.

It was in 1925 that Squadron-Leader (now Group-Captain) Coningham led a flight of three war-time D.H.9A aircraft, with Liberty motors, a type which many young flying officers to-day have never seen but only read about, from Cairo across North Africa to Kano, Nigeria and back. The following year four Fairey IIID aircraft, commanded by Wing-Commander (now Air Vice-Marshal) Pulford, flew 14,000 miles from Cairo to the Cape and back through Cairo to England. Two years later the flying-boat route to Australia

(Continued on page 192)



C. HOWARD PIXTON had his first aeronautical experience with A. V. Roe at Brooklands in June, 1910, and later in the same year he went over to the Boston meeting. In 1911 he entered for the Brooklands–Brighton race, but did not finish. In April, 1914, he won the Schneider Cup, the year after Maurice Prevost. Shell was already hard at work preparing for the Shell Aviation Service, which was first established in 1919. The system of ground organisation is now so efficient that during a recent record flight to the Cape the pilot was able to stop, obtain supplies of Shell Aviation Petrol, and be off again within 20 minutes.

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"The Aeroplane"

A Short "Sunderland" on patrol over St. Margaret's Bay, Dover. The modern "Dreadnought" is a flying battleship with a range of 3000 miles, still painted grey, but with a top speed of 200 and designed to manœuvre in three dimensions

(*Continued from page* 190)

was pioneered by four Royal Air Force "Southampton" flying-boats, which took off from Plymouth and went to Australia and Hong Kong before taking up duty at Singapore, and this involved an exercise flight of more than 28,000 miles. Let us remember also that when these foundations of Royal Air Force long-distance exercise were being laid, the flying personnel did not enjoy the meteorological and radio facilities and ground aerodrome organisation such as now exist, and are, in fact, largely the result of those early endeavours.

JUST over ten years ago, the first non-stop flight to India from England was made by Squadron-Leader Jones-Williams and Flight-Lieutenant N. H. Jenkins, in a Fairey monoplane, when they flew from Cranwell to Karachi—a distance of 4130 miles; and in 1933 a world long-distance record was created by Squadron-Leader Gayford and Flight-Lieutenant Nicholetts when they flew non-stop in a Fairey long-range monoplane from Cranwell to Walvis Bay in South-West Africa—a distance of 5341 miles. Now the long-distance record flying has reached a climax with the flight last July of "Wellesley" aircraft, first from Cranwell to the Persian Gulf and back again to Ismailia, and then four months later, taking off from Ismailia to beat the world's non-stop record to Australia. The flight was the culmination of several months' detailed work of organisation of a kind to which the operational units of the Royal Air Force have now become fully accustomed, and I know that those who took part in that splendid flight would be the first to pay tribute to the earlier non-stop attempts.

A Blackburn "Skua" being flagged in to land on H.M.S. "Courageous." The "Skua" is the standard fighter-dive-bomber for the Navy. Production has reached a high level and every aircraft-carrier is due for a squadron this season

At least once a year aircraft fly from this country 8700 miles to re-equip the Singapore squadrons, and flights of over 5000 miles from Lake Habbaniya, Iraq to Singapore, have also now become an annual routine operation. When last summer I was visiting our Royal Air Force station at Nairobi, fellow-visitors to Kenya were a squadron of general reconnaissance aircraft which had started from Iraq, flown down through Arabia to Aden, and thence across to the African coast. After their stay at Nairobi they were to fly west to Malakal, up the Nile to Cairo, on to Palestine, and thence back to their base at Dhibban, Iraq. Their programme was completed to time, with no untoward incidents, and scarcely a word appeared in the Press, for everyone concerned thought of this exercise as just normal routine work.

IN pursuit of speed, the Royal Air Force also has a fine history to record. Competing in the Schneider Trophy Contest for the first time as a Service entry in 1927, this was won for England by Flight-Lieutenant Webster, at the then terrific average speed of 281·9 miles an hour. The aeronautical world gave unstinted admiration to what was regarded as an outstanding performance, but this is now the pace at which the ordinary young flying officer daily exercises his fighter aircraft, without two thoughts that he is doing anything beyond his ordinary flying duty.

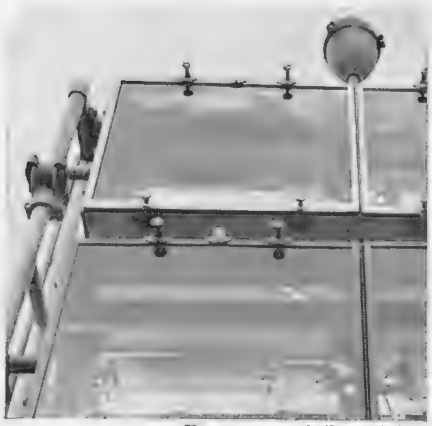
Two years later the Schneider Trophy was again won for Great Britain, and now the average speed had gone up to 328·63 miles an hour—a great increase in aircraft performance—but, even so, a speed not beyond what is to-day accepted as the normal performance for single-seater fighters. In 1931, the Schneider Trophy was won outright for Great Britain in a "Supermarine Rolls-Royce S.6.B.," at an average speed of just over 340 miles an hour, and, a fortnight later, Flight-Lieutenant Stainforth set up a world speed record of 407·5 miles an hour in the same aircraft, and even this last figure is within reach of our existing fighter types, as is shown by the fact that Squadron-Leader Gillan flew a "Hurricane" from Edinburgh to Northolt in 48 minutes, at an average speed of 408·75 miles an hour on February 10th, 1938.

TURNING to the progress and changes in the aircraft industry since the commencement of the expansion in 1934, we find two definite features. Firstly, during the pre-expansion period our aircraft industry was organised so as to be able to keep itself alive with the small orders available, which were carefully distributed amongst the various firms able both to design and to construct. Thus the nucleus of the necessary design staffs, as well as of the factories was preserved, and, indeed, the skilled designers, scientists and production engineers of those firms have more than played their part in responding to the calls which have been made upon them in recent years. New concerns have now been developed for aircraft production, and those engaged in other branches of industry have turned their energies to airframe, engine, or accessory manufacture. But the foundation upon which this expansion has been built was the ordinary small industry which survived the post-war period. Secondly, our task of industrial expansion has been made the more difficult because, besides having to teach new technicians and workers how to build aircraft in order to achieve our increased output, we have, at the same time, had to change the technique of aircraft construction itself. The old form of wooden construction from relatively simple design has disappeared in favour of the various types of metal construction used in order to produce modern high-performance aeroplanes, while designers have had to develop and incorporate new devices, such as the variable-pitch airscrew, undercarriages which retract, and flaps which allow aircraft to take off and land carrying loads which would have been impossible without such aids. Through the technique of our design and production and the skill and effort of our workers, we have managed to grapple successfully with this dual change-over; and to-day our new Royal Air Force equipment is second to none. In my view, this shows that in aircraft construction our country displays those same national characteristics which in the past made us the leading shipbuilders of the world.

THE Royal Air Force must depend as much on the quality of its men as on that of its equipment, and it would be impossible to exaggerate the importance to this country of having the finest quality in

(*Concluded on page* 194)

Look up - look down



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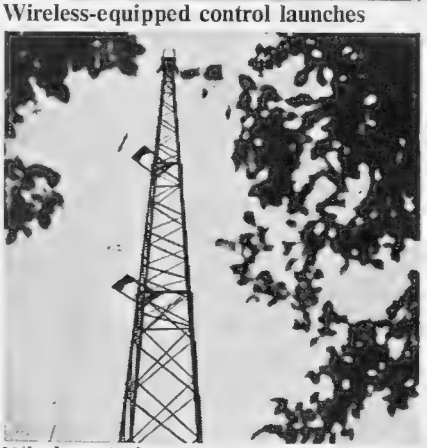
Wireless-equipped control launches



Wireless stations

Rest houses for the night

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Imperial Airways Ltd., Airway Terminus, Victoria, London, S W1 : Airways House, Charles Street, S W 1. VICtoria 2323 (Day & Night) or travel agents. Imperial Airways is agent in Great Britain for Belgian Air Lines (S A B E N A) German Airways (D L H) Swiss Air Line (Swissair) Italian Air Line (A L I) Danish Air Lines (D D L) Railway Air Services and United Air Lines, American Airlines Inc., Transcontinental & Western Air Inc., of U S A

Stuarts

(Continued from page 192)

our pilots, navigators, observers, wireless operators and gunners, whose duty it is to man the aircraft both by day and night. Here, again, the conditions in the Air Force as it is to-day are very different from those during the Great War. In those days, flying called chiefly for individual qualities of skill and courage. To-day, the pilot of a modern bomber is captain of his aircraft—a task which calls not only for skill and courage, but also for the highest powers of leadership. But this is not enough. His crew also must possess qualities of endurance and coolness in all circumstances, and be trained to do their job in almost any conditions of weather and visibility. The judgment of the pilot must always be of first importance for the purpose of taking off and landing, but when once the aircraft is in the air and flying on its course, the importance of the navigator, the wireless operator, the air observer, gunner, or bomb-aimer as units of the crew is just as great as that of the pilot. Yet, in spite of this demand for higher qualities in a greater number of men, and in spite of the striking increase in the intake into the Service, the standard of regular, auxiliary and volunteer reserve personnel has not fallen. This year some 75,000 men are required. Of that number, about 20,000 are wanted for the regular service and the rest for the various branches of the reserve. Week by week we at the Air Ministry are able to look forward with confidence based on satisfactory recruiting returns to the fulfilment of our needs in man-power.

The author, Captain Balfour, as a second-lieutenant, Royal Flying Corps. This picture was taken at Hendon in 1915, and the 'plane is a 50 Gnome "Caudron"

OUR pilots in the Royal Air Force Volunteer Reserve have already reached a high standard of proficiency, and now we are arranging still more advanced instruction in operational duties on Service types of aircraft by giving reserve pilots the opportunity to be posted to Royal Air Force squadrons for continuous training for periods up to six months. Employers generally are co-operating by generously releasing members of their staffs for this continuous training, and we are deeply indebted to them for their response. It is because of the success of the Pilot Section of the Royal Air Force Volunteer Reserve that the Air Ministry has been encouraged to set up other sections to meet the second line needs of other branches of the Royal Air Force. An air crew section has been started for air observers and wireless operator air-gunners, and although recruitment has only been open a short time, it looks as if this section will make a wide appeal, for large numbers of men from all parts of the country are volunteering. We still have need of many more men for these important duties.

Arrangements have also been made for Volunteer Reservists who do not form part of the pilot or air-crew sections to be trained as fitters, carpenters, electricians, photographers, instrument repairers and craftsmen of several other trades. The voluntary branches of the Air Force, which include the County Auxiliary Squadrons, trained to such a pitch that we can reckon them as first-line units, and also the Balloon Barrage Squadrons (also on an auxiliary basis), are, in fact, developing more and more on lines parallel to the regular Air Force.

Young though it may be in comparison with the Navy and the Army, the Royal Air Force has, during the twenty-one years of its history, developed its own traditions, and so long as these are maintained, this country will assuredly, whatever may happen, be able to give a good account of itself in the air.

Charles E. Brown

H.M.S. "Ark Royal," 22,000 tons, is the latest addition to the Navy's aircraft-carriers. She houses 70 aircraft, all of which can operate from her spacious flying-deck and the ship's company numbers 1550 officers and men

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The Air Way to Europe

By John Brancker

In these days of international tension and alarm it is really quite heartening to read the summer time-tables of the regular air services. Most companies might easily have used "Forget the Frontiers" as a slogan. Actually this is not surprising, because for many years the civil air companies of Europe have been co-operating amicably with the sole object of providing better service and facilities for travellers, even while their respective governments have been exchanging rather rude diplomatic notes. It seems a pity that international politics cannot be conducted with the same friendliness and lack of stiff formality as the International Air Traffic Association, where the problems of air transport are solved to the general satisfaction of everyone concerned.

Whenever new services are put into operation they are usually started at the beginning of the summer season—this year on April 16th—and certainly as far as British Air Services are concerned there has been quite considerable progress. Paris is always a popular destination—both for business and pleasure—and the very cordial relations which exist between the two countries should stimulate traffic still more. Imperial Airways and British Airways are running a joint service this year, and the eight departures which have been scheduled daily in each direction are something new for international aviation in Europe. The day is very close when departures "every hour on the hour" will be a regular practice. Services leave every two hours starting at 08.00 hours from Airway Terminus, and sleek "Frobisher" Class aircraft do the trip in seventy minutes.

Stewards still serve all manner of drinks and refreshments on board as they did on the "Heracles" Class aircraft, but the days of being able to have long, leisurely meals over the Channel have gone! It is now definitely quicker and a good deal more convenient to fly to Paris than to motor to many towns reasonably close to London. Enthusiastic gourmets can, in fact, fly to Paris for either lunch or dinner without their digestions being in any way upset by twinges of conscience due to neglected work. The last outward departure each week-day is scheduled to leave Airway Terminus at 22.00 hours (arrival in Paris at half-past midnight) and returns from Le Bourget at 06.45 hours the following morning, reaching Airway Terminus, London, at 08.40 hours. Spending the night in Paris is going to be just too easy and no prizes are offered for names for this particular service! Air France are operating six services each day over the same routes with their popular Bloch aircraft.

For those in search of pleasure only, Imperial Airways will run their usual services to Le Touquet, starting a daily service at the end of May, with increased accommodation over the week-ends. "Heracles" Class and "Diana" Class aircraft will be used. Air France, Wrightways and Olley Air Services will also do their good share of taking visitors to this charming resort, which looks like being more popular this year than ever before. Visitors to Dinard for the week-end will be able to fly there by Air France, leaving Croydon at 09.00 hours and reaching Dinard well before lunch. The outward journey is made on Saturdays, and the return trip on Mondays. This service starts early in June. Jersey Airways will link up Dinard with Jersey and Southampton.

Air France, as in previous years, will run their services to the Riviera, and very popular they should be. Blochs are to be used throughout and the departure time from London is at 11.00 hours every week-day, reaching Marseilles at 15.55, calling at Paris and Lyon en route. There are connecting services between Marseilles and Cannes. Switzerland is certain to have its full quota of visitors this summer, and Imperial Airways and Swissair are each running a daily service, Sundays included, to Basle and Zurich. Departure times are at 09.00 hours and 14.00 hours from Croydon, and the journey to Basle takes less than three hours. Both companies have chosen times which make good connections at Basle and Zurich with trains to the more important resorts, so that the travelling time to one's final destination is reduced to the utmost. The aircraft used by both Companies are fast: "Douglas D.C.3s" by

(Concluded on page 198)

A Short "Empire" flying-boat seen at its moorings on the sacred lake of Raj Samand. The launch from Imperial Airways' base is about to take off the passengers and mail

Charles E. Brown

Above the clouds with a Lockheed "Fourteen." This is the type used by British Airways for its present schedule to Berlin and Warsaw. The Director-General of Civil Aviation, Sir Francis Shelmerdine, flew by the first service a few days ago

British Airways use mobile equipment for daily tests of hydraulic, vacuum and compressed air installations on their Continental air liners

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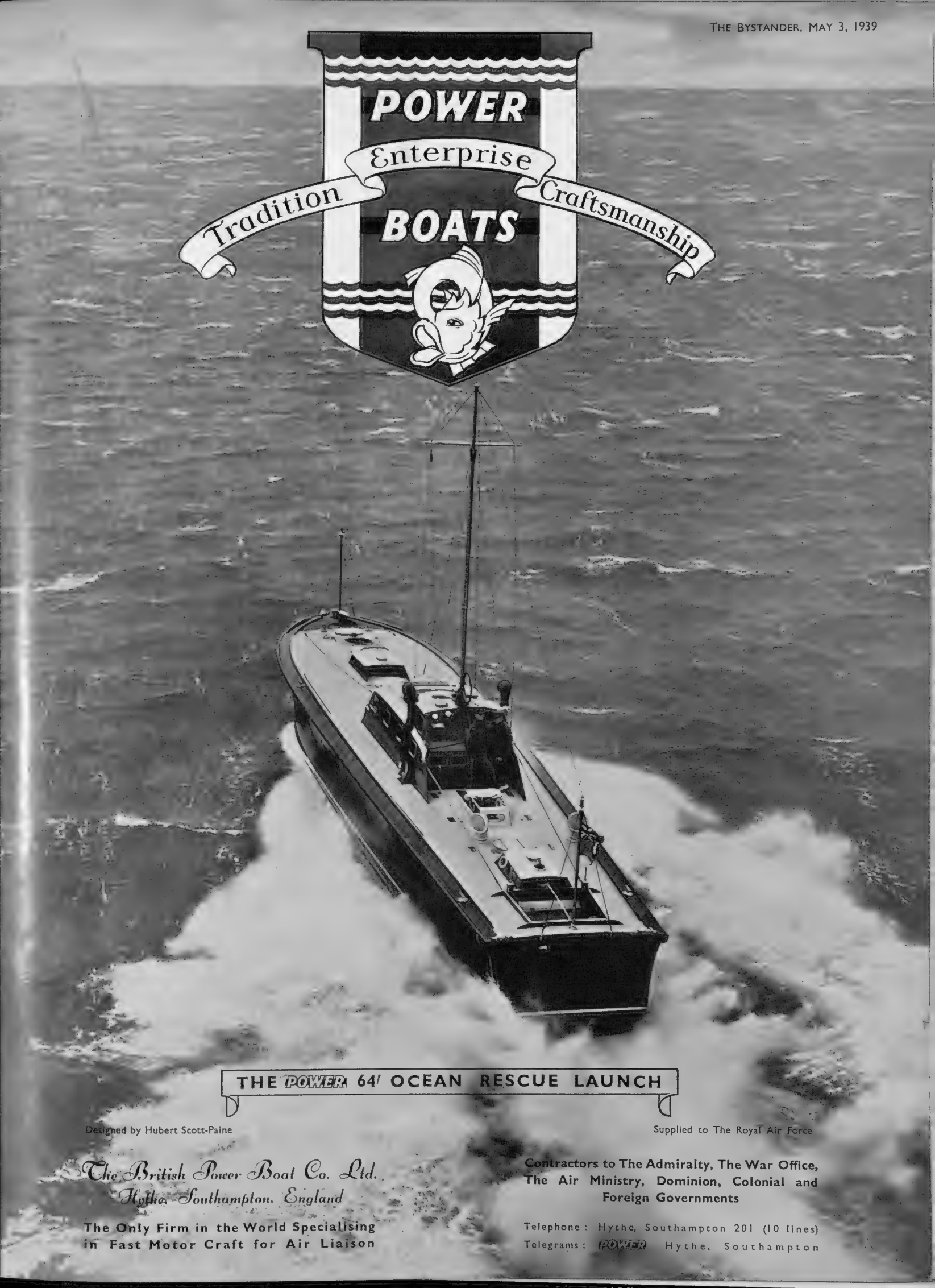

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"The Aeroplane"

The de Havilland "Flamingo" is our latest type air-liner, now in quantity production at Hatfield. It leads the modern trend for medium size, combined with high speed and comfort

(*Continued from page* 196)
Swissair, and Lockheed "14's" on charter from British Airways by Imperial Airways. Some time during the summer, Imperial Airways hope to replace the Lockheed "14's" with the rather larger "Frobishers."

LAST summer, Avio Linee Italiane started a service to Turin, Milan and Venice, which was definitely successful, and this service is being operated again this summer. It is operated with large, comfortable Fiat aircraft, and, leaving Croydon at 09.15 hours, delivers passengers in Venice at 15.50, which is certainly not bad going. The route passes directly over the Alps between Paris and Turin, and the views from the aircraft are quite unforgettable. Rome, too, can be reached either by Imperial Airways Empire services, or by a number of European services. The quickest is to leave London by the service to Venice, and change at Milan. The time of arrival is the same as for Venice. Brussels is very well served this year with five services in each direction on weekdays. Two are operated by British Airways and three by Sabena, the flying time being only 90 minutes.

DURING recent years Budapest has come very much to the fore as a holiday resort, and air transport has certainly done its share to make it popular. This year British Airways are bringing it closer than ever—only just over six hours away from London. One leaves Croydon at the comfortable hour of five-past eleven, and arrives in Budapest in time for a late tea or an early cocktail. There is only one stop en route—Frankfurt—but one can get lunch on board the Lockheed "14." The idea of operating so long a service with only one intermediate stop is really the beginning of a new principle. Modern aircraft do not lend themselves well to operating very short stages with frequent landings and take-offs, and passengers, when they are accommodated as comfortably as they are to-day, prefer to stay in the aircraft and get to their destination early—especially when international currency regulations and other formalities are apt to make intermediate stops a distinct trial to people who dislike revealing their personal histories, dimensions and wealth to strange officials. One can fly to Budapest, too, almost as quickly in K.L.M.'s Douglas "D.C.3's" via Rotterdam, Prague and Vienna.

IN England, Eastern Europe seems only to be heard of generally when some kind of trouble is expected, but actually its main capitals are very accessible by air. There is an enormous variety of routes to Belgrade, but a night-stop must be spent somewhere en route. You can have your choice of Vienna, Budapest, Milan, Paris and Berlin, and still save plenty of time compared with surface transport. Bucharest can be reached in the day via Brussels and Prague, and there are alternative ways for people who like to see other parts of Europe.

THERE is no important town in Germany which cannot be reached in a day; thanks to the elaborate internal network of services set up by the Deutsche Lufthansa, who also operate certain main services into London. One of the really useful new services this year, though, is the direct service started by British Airways between London and Berlin, which only takes something over three hours between the two capitals, and operates out of Croydon at 12.05. The service goes on to Warsaw, bringing that town to within seven hours of England. There are other services to Berlin, too, operated by D.L.H. and K.L.M. via Amsterdam—and which do not take very much longer than the direct route. There is also a quick route through to Moscow via Stockholm. As usual, Amsterdam and Rotterdam are connected to London by a host of services operated by K.L.M. and other companies. Timings are so arranged in each direction that they should suit practically every reasonable traveller.

EVERY year there seem to be more routes to Scandinavia, and we can fly there now—and also to the smaller Baltic States—via practically every town in Europe. British Airways are continuing their service to Stockholm, the "Viking Royal Mail Express" (I should like to see the reaction of one of the old Vikings to modern aircraft; I'm sure they would agree that flying is better than rowing), which lands at Hamburg and Copenhagen en route. One can also travel by K.L.M. and A.B.A. via Amsterdam, the time in each case being something under seven hours. The Danish Company, Det Danske Luftfartselskap, are co-operating this year with the Deutsche Lufthansa in operating the daily service to Copenhagen via Hamburg, and there are, of course, good connections to Malmo, Oslo, and Helsingfors. An interesting service is one which is operated during certain months of the summer by Det Norske Luftfartselskap from Oslo, right up the western and north-western coasts of Norway as far as Tromso. Allied Airways, too, will probably be running their direct and useful connection between Newcastle and Stavanger.

IT is quite impossible in an article of this kind to give a really comprehensive idea of all the air connections in Europe; *Bradshaw's International Air Guide* is a fairly thick book. This summer, of course, there will be even more internal routes in the British Isles than formerly for those people who enjoy comfortable travel and dislike the congestion on the roads. One thing, however, is worth remembering—air transport is not only specifically for travellers in a hurry. One can amble (if one may use such a word!) round Europe in easy stages, seeing the countries themselves, and not merely the edges of the railway lines. If one has time available, one need not even take the shortest route, but can enjoy "stop-over" facilities at all sorts of interesting spots on the way. In fact, air-touring is no longer confined to the aviation enthusiasts who own their own aircraft; anyone can enjoy it by using the regular routes, and without the bother of flying and looking after an aeroplane oneself.

This unsinkable 23-knot "Power" boat is the only existing form of moving target for bombing practice. The armour-plating is sufficient to protect the R.A.F. crew from 11½-lb. bombs dropped from a height of 15,000 feet

The link between shore and an "Empire" mail plane is provided by a British "Power" boat. This is a general purpose craft with seats for twenty passengers. It is equipped for salvage in emergency and is capable of going to sea in all weathers

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DE HAVILLAND ENGLAND

The Citizen Pilot

By F. D. Bradbrooke*

The Miles "Monarch" is the latest civil type built by Phillips and Powis, of Reading. It is a three-seater and cruises at 130 miles an hour

WHAT one might call the lighter side of flying would be rather dull nowadays, except for the Civil Air Guard. Like everything else, the whole thing hinges on the international situation. I cannot quite make out whether the disconsolation of owner-pilots is merely relative or not. They never have had any official encouragement, and few though they are, one wonders why there are so many—about 500. Someone once said that the only flying in Europe which was not at least partly paid for out of State funds, was done when a British owner-pilot took the air in his own machine. That is almost true. He, and she, have certainly carried the flag most nobly.

Now most healthy young men can fly for nothing in the R.A.F. or the Reserve, and the Civil Air Guard is theoretically there for the moderately young and healthy of both sexes. Much Government money is being spent to make pilots, good and not so good. Nothing at all is being spent to encourage or help those who are already pilots of a very useful type—the private owners. The Air Registration Board is a much better and more understanding institution for administering air-worthiness regulations and so on than the Air Ministry was. All the same, the owner-pilot is still more hampered than helped in a very expensive sport of great national importance. Considering all that is being done for possible pilots of far less possible use, this is most short-sighted discrimination. In another way, the ordinary club pilot also suffers. He has helped the owner-pilot to keep amateur flying alive all these years, at considerable personal expense. Now that the club does better out of the heavily subsidised C.A.G. member, he is apt to find all the aeroplanes booked up.

WHY was this Civil Air Guard formed, and what is it doing? Remember that the flying clubs had carried the torch of Civil Aviation within Great Britain almost alone for twelve years. Now their best prospective members were being taught to fly at State cost in the R.A.F. and the Reserve. The instructors and engineers upon whom they could draw were offered higher wages in Government-supported schools than the clubs could possibly pay. Repairs were more costly and harder to get. There was no progress in the design of light aeroplanes for instruction. In fact, the clubs faced ruin. The Civil Air Guard was intended to save them, and use them. I believe it was meant to produce a large body with some air experience and considerable air-enthusiasm, which could be directed into useful channels in emergency. Members must undertake that much. At the start I thought it extremely unlikely that Cags would be used for actual piloting duties. Now there are over 8000 members, about 5000 actually flying; and 20,000 on the waiting-list. They are being categorised into various classes of which the highest is fit for further training as fighting pilots. Many are going on into the Volunteer Reserve, which they heard about only after joining the C.A.G. The V.R. was not nearly so well publicised.

Charles E. Brown

A "Rapide" operated by the Straight Corporation on the Weston-Cardiff ferry. There is a 'plane every half-hour in each direction

A NICE proportion of Cags are of fighting calibre, and many others fit for other flying duties. In short, the quality is most encouraging. There is a tendency to be surprised at the immense "over-subscription" of the C.A.G. This may be put on to soothe the disappointment due to the shortage of aeroplanes and instructors, for what else did anybody expect? Do our rulers not realise that the rising generation have accepted flying as an everyday fact, but hitherto too costly for most of them? There is a half of the world to which aviation is still a strange and nervous thing. Recently I took a member of it for a two-seater trip to Northern England and back—and he came home converted. Mentions in Dispatches

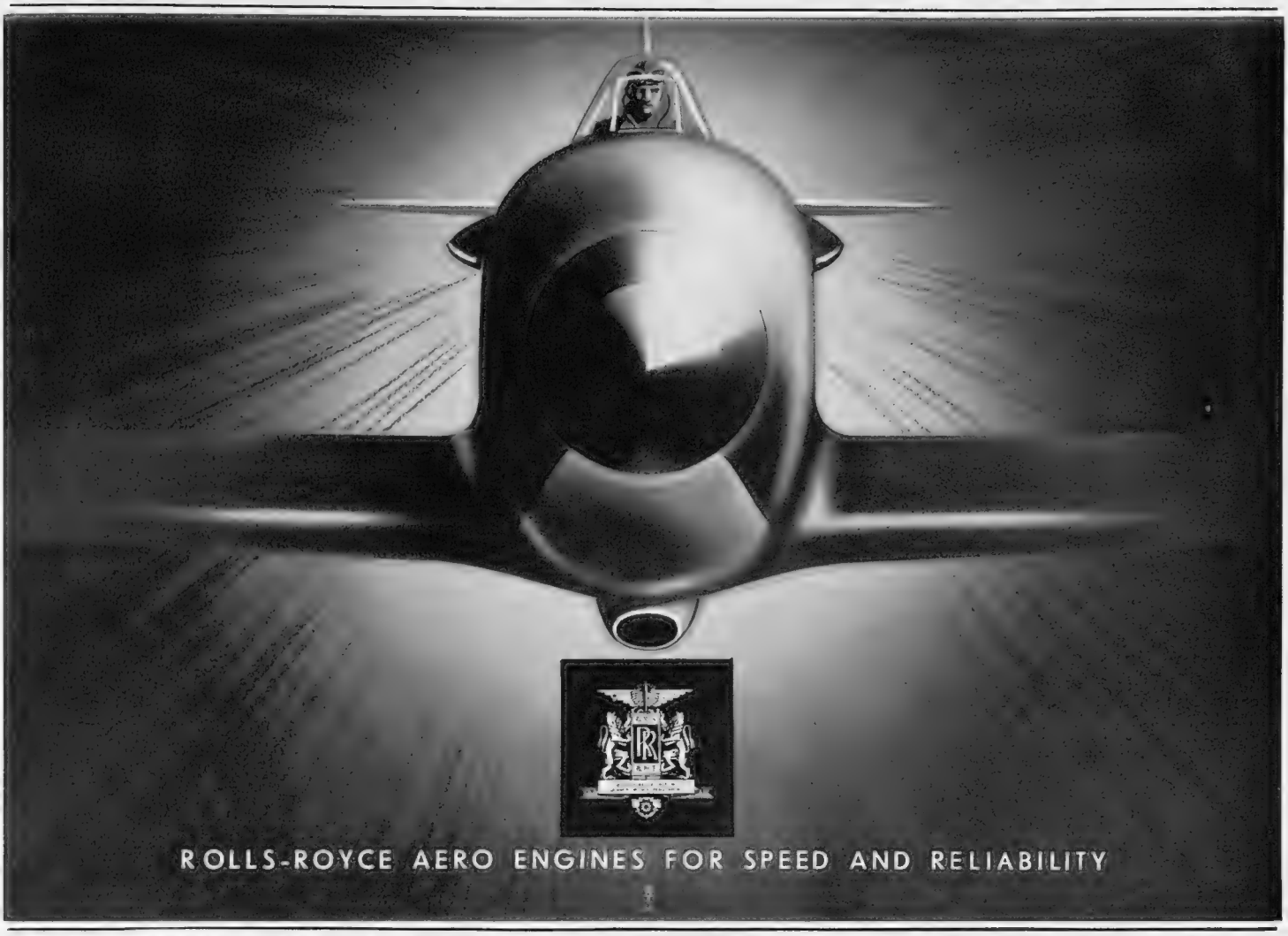
(*Concluded on page 202*)

* *The author is assistant editor of "The Aeroplane"*

Quo vadis? From left to right: Dick Bentley, S. Mellstrom, R. Bradford, and J. C. C. Taylor, the big four among Shell Mex and B.P. pilots. The 'plane is a de Havilland "Hornet"

"Flight"

A close-up view of the Percival "Q.6," with under-carriage retracted. It is in large-scale production for air lines and private owners



"Flight" Photo

A Blackburn "Skua" taking off at sunset from a Fleet Air Arm carrier. It is the only monoplane in service with the Fleet, and has a remarkably high performance

(*Continued from page 200*)

of twenty-odd years ago prove that he is no poltroon, but if the news of the day had not reduced him to a kill-me-if-you-like state of mind, I very much doubt that he would have ventured.

ANYWAY, the Cags are here in a big way. Instructors tell me that the men average out better pilots than the old club members did, and again I cannot share their surprise. The first reaction of many to the C.A.G. scheme—"A sky full of irresponsible half-wits"—always irritated me. Formerly we picked our amateur pilots mainly by financial elimination, and, whereas there are no reliable guides to flying ability except flying, surely the bank balance is the silliest. Admittedly the standard medical tests are nearly as bad. The female Cags do not compare so well with their predecessors. The only explanation I can think of for that is that the well-to-do women who joined flying clubs were more addicted to outdoor sports than the Cagettes who earn their living in offices and factories.

THE present situation is, therefore, that the owner-pilot is rather in the doldrums, what with being left entirely out of a positive welter of flying subsidies, and the reduced attractions of air-touring in an unsettled Continent. The ordinary club member, only moderately subsidised, is finding competition for flying with heavily subsidised Cags rather hard. The C.A.G. is going ahead in grand, but partial, style. There are over 20,000 hoping to start flying, but the trainees are a more useful type than the most optimistic could have expected.

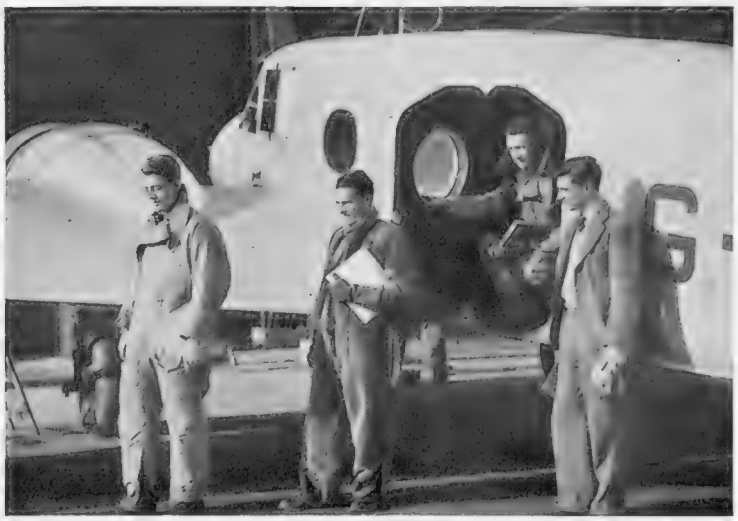
THE future depends on several things which are not my business to discuss. Politics permitting, the great and ever-growing demand of the C.A.G. for aeroplanes ought to produce new types, and in such quantity that they and all their upkeep and servicing will be cheaper than hitherto. This progressive cheapening will open a wider market for flying among those who cannot become Cags, and those who want to own aeroplanes. The process is regenerative, and should produce a large and healthy popular aviation movement. There are already signs of more progressive thought in design. "Built-in-safety" is quite possible, and the incentive of a good market may help it over the inexplicable resistance of ultra-orthodoxy. The tricycle under-carriage, as used on the G. A. "Cygnet" and the "Arpin," will make a big difference to safety and ease of flying, but not all at once, because the older type of under-carriage will then become obsolete, and hundreds of club machines have them. There are also newer, and at present secret, means to more fool-proof flying which have yet to face a sceptical world. But whether it is something new in aircraft design, in air radio for the small machine, in sign-posts for the air-traveller, or more landing-grounds for his convenience, the huge numbers of new pilots now being trained will bring them on more quickly than we could have dared to hope this time last year. At any rate, the C.A.G. scheme has stimulated progress, which is all to the good

'Flight"

A Moth "Minor" being flown hands-off over Hatfield. This type was designed by de Havillands for the C.A.G.

THE remarkable gathering last January at Miami, Florida, of 500 light aeroplanes, is a foretaste, or foreboding, of what may be expected. They were nearly all of the ultra-cheap American two-seater type, varying from 30 to 50 horsepower. They came from distances up to 2000 miles, and although there were a number of forced landings—usually for "gas"—there were no bad accidents. Evidently aviation need not be high-powered, and a sky full of amateurs is not necessarily fatal.

Pilots taking tea on the restaurant balcony at Gatwick, where Airports Ltd., is training men for the R.A.F. Volunteer Reserve. Two of the school's "Harts" can be seen on the aerodrome



Pupils returning from a navigation exercise in one of Air Service Training's flying class-rooms. A.S.T. operates at Hamble and Coventry, the biggest civil schools in the country

Blackburn
"SKUA"

Looking Ahead in the Air

By Charles Ward

"Bystander" Air Correspondent

IN spite of war and rumours of war, travel and trade by air increase every day. There is still a fair chance that sanity will prevail and the aeroplane be used for its obvious purpose, to promote understanding and goodwill between nations. Our national air transport companies, Imperial and British Airways, are about to develop a Corporation. That this will be a good thing, after a preliminary period for adjustments, there seems little doubt. A British air route round the world is within sight. Six flying-boats and landplanes, each of more than thirty tons weight, are being built by Short Brothers for the Empire routes. One of them is designed to fly in the "stratosphere" at 330 miles an hour, bringing America within six hours of Europe! Refuelling en route and mid-air launching are successful innovations to the credit of British enterprise, but there are a hundred and one other developments, the technical exploitation of which we share with other countries for the greater safety and efficiency of air transport. On the water, for instance, our "Empire" liners depend for service on the British "Power" boats that are stationed at every halt. These general purpose motor-boats, designed by Hubert Scott-Paine, are of the same breed as "Miss England" and "Miss Britain," world champion racing craft. The R.A.F use "Power" boats, capable of rescue work, at a speed of 45 miles an hour in rough water. On European routes Imperial and British Airways are using the "Frobisher" type from de Havillands and the Lockheed "Fourteen." Eight return services a day between London and Paris, each in seventy minutes, with lines as far afield as Stockholm and Warsaw, are in regular operation.

The Miles "Magister" is a primary trainer, used by the R.A.F. in large numbers

The senior instructor at Ramsgate, a Straight operated airport, explains the controls of a "Magister" prior to a training flight

Plans for 1940 include routes to every capital in Europe.

"BRADSHAW" for May—the International Air Guide, of course—approaches 200 pages, which gives some indication of the extent of air transport. Pan-American is included with other United States lines, and at home, services to race meetings are included for the first time. British-American Air Services, of Heston, pioneered 'planes for the races, and have been granted nearly thirty exclusive licences for this purpose The company conducts an extensive charter business, their machines including an air ambulance. Also at Heston is the Birkett organisation—ready to fly you anywhere by day or night. They helped Imperials carry the mails during the Christmas rush, and there's always a pilot standing by to take officials or despatches for the Foreign Office. Heston has been taken over by the Government and will become the largest State airport for London. Airwork, Ltd., the company which developed it from a cabbage-patch, still retains an interest. There's the flying school, an aircraft and engine overhaul service, and a sales department that handles a large proportion of the country's business in new and second-hand 'planes. If you can't buy a "Moth," a Miles "Monarch" or a Percival "Gull" from Airwork, the chances are that it's unobtainable anywhere else. Over the Great West Road, at Hanworth.

(*Continued on page* ii)

E. Michaud

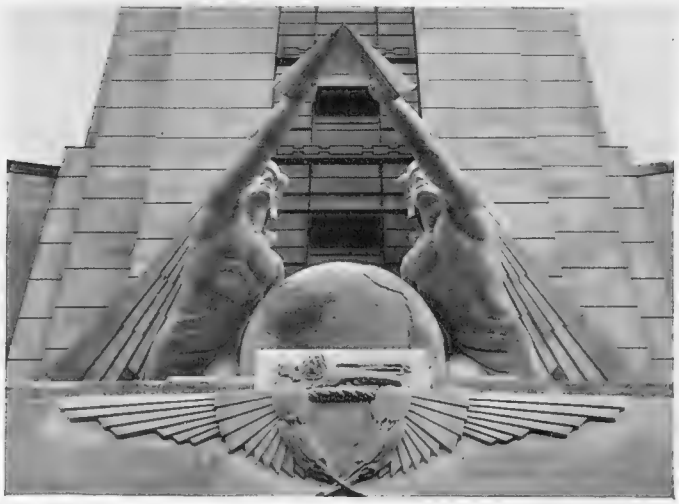
An "Air France" flying-boat over the Mediterranean. French air lines radiating from Marseilles operate to North and West Africa, the Near East, and the Orient

The Moth "Minor" showing the wing folded and a locker in the stub for luggage. The "Minor" cruises 25 miles to the gallon, and is an ideal light 'plane for touring

STRAIGHT CORPORATION LIMITED
Subsidiary Companies operating Airports, Airlines and Flying Schools throughout Great Britain.

(Continued from page 204)

the London Air Park concentrates on training for all purposes—Volunteer Reserve, private tuition, and Civil Air Guards. The Cierva Company has a school for C.A.G.s. It costs no more to learn on an "Autogiro" than on any other type, a fact which is not generally known. Two companies that fly the civil air ensign at opposite ends of Great Britain are Scottish Airways and Jersey's. The former operates to the Western Isles, the Orkneys and Shetland, bringing these attractive centres within easy reach of Glasgow, and, *via* Railway Air Services, within a few hours of London. The company has also specialised in air ambulance work throughout Scotland, many lives having been saved by the prompt arrival of a 'plane. Jersey's, as their name implies, connect the Channel Islands with England. In five years the company's aircraft have flown 3,000,000 miles and carried 150,000 passengers across the Channel at its widest part, in addition to 3,000,000 lbs. of freight and mail. Our keenest rivals,



Wings over the world. Imperial Airways take Perseus and Mercury, the twin gods of speed, as their motif

Captain R. A. C. Brie landing a Cierva "Autogiro" on the Italian cruiser Fiume. This photograph was taken in January 1935

Air France, are also our nearest neighbours. They fly between London and Paris, to the Far East, to North Africa and South America. For the Foire de Paris, the French equivalent of the British Industries Fair, or that at Leipzig, Air France is offering a 10 per cent. reduction on a return ticket. The exhibition opens on May 13th for a fortnight. Go by Air to the Fair!

SINCE our last Flying Number, the Fleet Air Arm has become a separate Service. Aircraft are similar to those used by the R.A.F., with the exception of amphibians carried by cruisers and dive bombers, the latter a type in which the Navy has great faith. The Blackburn "Skua" is illustrated in this Number. Its latest development is the "Roc," a fast two-seater fighter from Brough, the Blackburn factory that has concentrated on Fleet aircraft for 20 years. The aircraft industry has marched with time. Each firm has specialised in some particular branch of research, so that to-day, when the need for production is at its peak, every factory is turning out equipment for which it is most suited. Rolls-Royce is still the standard by which engines are judged.

(Continued on page iv)

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ROYAL AIR FORCE

IMPORTANT: Even if you cannot give whole time service to the R.A.F. you can still become a Pilot. Join the Royal Air Force Volunteer Reserve and learn to fly in your spare time. For full details write to the Officer Commanding, Reserve Command, Royal Air Force, Hendon, N.W.9.

Glamour girls leaving for Le Touquet by British-American Air Services. The 'plane is a de Havilland "86," one of the fleet used for special charter and to carry passengers to the races

(*Continued from page* ii)

Single-seater fighters come from Hawkers or Vickers'; bombers from Vickers and Handley Page; bombers with engines from Bristols. The Industry has expanded to such an extent that more than 4000 firms are engaged in some branch or other. The system of inspection, and of overhaul in the field, is strict. Everything, from the dope on the fabric, whether it be "Cellon" or "Titanine," to the lock-nuts on the cowling, have to pass a test. And should a major failure or a collision occur in the air, the pilot and his crew have parachutes from Irvings with which to make a safe descent. Intensive research and the necessity for flying in bad weather has increased the Service membership of the Caterpillar Club, that unique organisation of those who have saved their lives by "baling out."

THE training of personnel takes an equal place with aircraft production, for a reserve of pilots is just as important as a stock of machines and equipment on the shelf. Expansion on the training side was limited for a time, owing to a shortage of 'planes and instructors, but this deficiency has been made good. The number of schools in the country, including Service centres and the civilian flying clubs, must approach 200. They supply trained recruits for the R.A.F., the Reserve, air transport companies and the Civil Air Guard. The largest civilian establishment is Air Service Training, which operates at Hamble and Coventry. Every type of landplane and seaplane is represented in the school fleet and you can study any aviation subject in the classrooms. Latest addition is a "Blind Landing" school, where training will be given in the art of coming safely to earth when the latter is completely obscured by fog. Another large concern, one that possesses the advantage of two first-class aerodromes as a base, is Airports, Ltd., operating from Gatwick and Gravesend. These were planned originally as airports for London, and should peace prevail, they will be of great value for this purpose. Extensive hangars, full night-lighting equipment and plenty of landing space make them ideal training centres. At Gravesend they train pilots for the Fleet Air Arm. "Tiger Moths" from de Havillands and Hawker "Harts" are the mainstays of the fleet. In a different category is the Straight Corporation, which controls the flying and operates aerodromes at ten centres. Tuition covers everything required for "A" and "B" commercial licences,

(*Concluded on page* vi)

At the London Air Park, Hanworth. C.A.G.s from left to right include the Misses Sutton and Tibble, Mr. Ellis, Veronica Innes. Cecilia Holbech wreathed in smoke, and Diana Blakeley

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The Oxford and Cambridge crews photographed at Cannes before their return to London by Air France, after an oarsman's holiday

(Continued from page iv)

ground engineers' tickets, navigators' licences and instructors' endorsements. There are no waiting lists and an easy payment scheme. The Corporation also operates air lines, so that pupils get the advantage of practical experience whilst still at school.

Amongst manufacturers that cater mainly for the civil market, de Havillands is the largest concern. The de luxe liners on the Paris service are "Frobishers" from Hatfield, and the "Moth Minor," illustrated, is the successor to thousands of earlier Moths that have been flown in every country throughout the world. Both have Gipsy engines, the former with four of 500 h.p. each, and the latter one of 90 h.p. Patent "Castrol" from Wakefield's remains the popular lubricant, ably backed by sparks from K.L.G., the plug that never misses. The Gipsy engine provides power for other types of civil aircraft, including the Percival "Q6," a twin luxury liner in miniature, and many Percival "Gulls" that are used by owner-pilots and for taxi work. Phillips and Powis use the Gipsy for small civil and service trainers, but their "Master," the 270-mile-per-hour trainer, has a Rolls-Royce "Kestrel." Looking ahead in the air, I would say that flying, having progressed to the point where tuition takes place at five miles a minute, the needs of the immediate future lie definitely in the pursuit of greater economy. Speed for the average person, whether pilot or passenger, is quite high enough. Plans for the year include the inauguration of the trans-Atlantic Air mail, with refuelling aloft developed to a practical proposition. The most interesting aircraft that should take the air this year is a liner for high altitude journeys. Travellers will be carried in sealed cabins that are warmed and supplied with fresh air by superchargers. Round the World in the Stratosphere in 1940.

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Appointments will shortly be made to a number of Commissions in the Air Branch of the Royal Naval Volunteer Reserve for Observer duties.

Applicants must have attained the age of 17 years and must not have attained the age of 23 on the 1st October, 1939, and must have a standard of education equivalent to that of School Certificate. A high standard of physical fitness is required. Gentlemen appointed will be required to undergo an initial period of full-time training of 10 months with the option of undergoing a further period of 2 months' full-time training to gain experience at sea. Thereafter annual training will be required until 10 years' service has been completed. Officers who complete the 10 months' training and pass the necessary tests will receive gratuities of £80.

Further particulars and application forms may be obtained from the Secretary of the Admiralty (C.W./Air), Whitehall, S.W.1, or from the Commanding Officer of any Royal Naval Volunteer Reserve Division.

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"Bystander" Northern Foursomes

(Continued from page 182)

and Miss Edwards at least halving some of them; but it was one of those days when nothing went right. However, they won three holes in a row from the eighth, and hung on bravely to the sixteenth, where Mrs. Whitfield once again holed the winning putt.

Four and two was the margin of victory, too, for Mrs. Somerville and Miss Green, who wiped out each other's mistakes with practical forgiveness, and never looked anything except winners against Mrs. Drake and Miss Mathers, who had six strokes to give and by no means found their real game.

THE final went through three distinct phases: the first seven holes, when the Yorkshire holders had things all their own way, and stood three up; the next seven, when Cheshire dominated the match and, with three up and four to go, looked utterly safe; and the last four, when anything might have happened, Yorkshire making so brave a come-back that a great many of the crowd—and probably the players too—began remembering that, if the match went to the nineteenth, Cheshire would have to give a stroke there.

The crucial part was that Mrs. Bason's side won the eleventh and twelfth, at both of which they had to give a stroke; indeed, from the eighth to the fourteenth they won six holes and halved one. It was all desperately exciting, not least at the eighteenth, when Miss Green's topped third found the green, Mrs. Whitfield's good iron the flag-stick, which it hit so hard that it bounded thence off the green. Eventually, Miss Green sank a three-yard putt, and then Mrs. Whitfield, being dormy one, was left with one of about four feet for the half and match. That she did it speaks volumes for her putting and her nerve.

Mrs. C. F. Bull and Mrs. W. L. Wilson (Royal Lytham and St. Annes: 18) were beaten by one hole in the fourth round by Miss K. Heaton and Miss A. Mellor (Rhos-on-Sea: 14)

AFTER that came prize-giving, the respective captains, Mrs. Stephenson and Mr. Hanmer, supporting each other, and handing over the cups and prizes. The National Playing Fields Trophy that Mrs. Dunlop Hill gave, was won, with her third card, by Miss Vera Clarke, of Hesketh, with 95—19=76, exactly the par.

It would be quite impossible to put into print how kind and thoughtful, hospitable and generous Hesketh had been. If a kinder, more thorough and thoughtful club exists, or possesses such a hon. sec. as Mr. Roberts, I should like to go there.

RETURNING South to find so many south-eastern counties with a new champion was an experience as bewildering as wholesome. Miss Bridget Jackson had earned Kent right nobly; so had Miss Rosemary Powell, Sussex; Miss Rosamund Morgan, Hampshire; Miss Jean Kerr, Surrey; Miss Maureen Ruttle, Middlesex. It was worth noting that these two last made their first mark in the Girls', and that the Kent runner-up, Miss Anne Heywood, is another.

Then to Ranelagh, where Veteran Mothers and un-veteran daughters had a cheery time before Mrs. and Miss Garnham won, with 77; with Mrs. Bullard and Miss Carrick, and Mrs. and Miss Pam Barton, both 79. These three mothers all showed themselves well worthy of their international progeny.

Next day, no hope of seeing Mrs. Temple Dobell and Mrs. Bason making their debuts in the Veteran Championship; North Hants open meeting was the counter-attraction, with everything in the garden entirely beautiful, except the scores, of which the best scratch was Miss Molly Gourlay's 80, Mrs. John Morrison, 81. Miss McGillycuddy, who took the senior handicap with 83—10=73, seems to be a real young hope for the home club; she has won plenty of BYSTANDER spoons, and ought to land bigger fish than these, especially if she could have a few lessons to smooth out the little kink in her powerful swing.

NOW we await BYSTANDER Medal Foursomes at Wentworth, with such a galaxy of ex-Open "champs" as never was—Miss Jessie Anderson, Miss Pam Barton, Miss Wanda Morgan, Miss Enid Wilson. A fine day is all we need.

Snap's Pretty Pictures

(Continued from page 170)

one cried if he fell off the Empire State building, or hit a cop by mistake for a blind man.

For a while he scurried about the decks doing his picture stuff. Angle-shots. Candid camera work which would make a few celebrities writhe that evening. Contrast pictures down in the third-class. "Nice work," Snap, he thought. "You 're a clever guy, anyways you look at it."

On the main deck he found young Flanagan, his rival from the *Evening Globe*. Posing the latest American princess on the rail, waving welcome to New York! That old bromide! Gees, what a dumb-bell! Snap was feeling good. As he watched Flanagan reel off the film and drop it in the camera-bag resting on the rail, an idea came to him, and he grinned and strolled towards the bag. . .

As the splash brought young Flanagan turning on his heel, Snap nearly burst with laughter and delight. "Too bad, feller!" he smirked. "Guess the rough sea must 've tipped it over. You had some good pictures there, too."

Flanagan was small and spectacled, and no match for the other's slum-bred wiriness. White-faced he stared at Snap, and then walked rapidly away.

Still chuckling, Snap went to the appointed meeting-place. No one was about as he brushed past the tall, dark man in the alley-way. No one saw the rapid handing over of the two small metal film-cases. Even if they had they could not have guessed at the lovely glistening gems which nestled in those cases.

"Gees, it 's almost too easy!" he gloated, walking up to the top deck where the pigeons were ready. "Taking money from kids!" He opened the wicker baskets and openly attached the two cylinders to bands round the birds' necks. A third similar cylinder with his exposed film went on the last bird.

"Neat trick, huh?" he grinned to the circle of interested passengers, as the birds wheeled and headed for New York. "Back at the office in half an hour. In print by the time you get off."

Very neat. Only not all those pigeons would turn up at the *Daily Wire* office No sir! One would. But the other two were Snap's particular pigeons. And those pigeons had been carefully trained to home to Snap's little shack in New Jersey. Very neat.

And when the Customs—evidently tipped off that a buy was coming over—searched everybody aboard on landing, including the Press, Snap very nearly split with mirth.

A FEW hours later, Snap and Guggenberg were driving out to New Jersey. The Jew was still worried.

"You sure they 'll get back safe? No one suspect?"

"Su-re, sure, it 's O.K. What you think I am? Let 's go get them."

During the drive, Snap gloated secretly. Maybe twenty, thirty grand just for using his head! And more to come. But he wouldn't always be content with that rake-off; no sir! Suppose a pigeon was to go astray one day and turn up at another little shack in, say, Brooklyn? And suppose Snap happened to own that shack? No one could blame him if a pigeon was lost, could they?

Give away three-quarters the dough to old Guggenberg? Not on your life!

Snap was still grinning as the two walked into the little house. But the grin wiped from his face as the door swung open, and two sharp-faced men, automatics ready, stepped forward. . . .

IT was several hours later, down at the station, that he got his voice back.

"But, Gees, it 's not possible! I 'm smart, I tell you! That idea was one hundred per cent. safe . . ."

A grinning police lieutenant winked at the others.

"Sure, you were smart, buddy. But not smart enough. You made one big mistake. Never make enemies when you 're on a job."

"Enemies—I don't get you."

"Remember young Flanagan, Snap, from the *Evening Globe*? Pushed his bag and all his films overboard for a laugh, didn't you? Well, he got the laugh on you."

He unfolded the *Globe* and pushed it over. There was a whole page of pictures. Brilliant pictures. Snap's pictures.

"Flanagan didn't feel like losing his job for your fun, Snap, so he switched over the pigeons in the two baskets, reckoning you 'd use his without knowing, and send your pretty pictures to his paper. And that 's just what happened. Pretty pictures *and* pretty diamonds. The boys at the paper got quite excited and called us in, and when we heard Flanagan's story . . . ."

For sixty seconds Snap's gutter vocabulary lasted. Then:

"Pretty pictures, Snap!" said the lieutenant. "Maybe they 'll give Flanagan a raise for them. Take him away, boys!"

THE END

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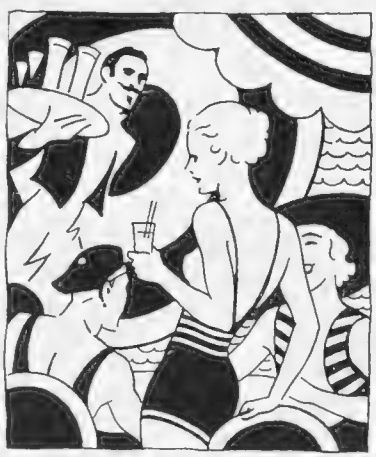

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Getting Married: The "Bystander's" Review of Weddings and Engagements

Turner — Dashwood

Lewis John Turner, son of the late Major R. F. L. Turner and Mrs. Turner, of Radley Lodge, Wimbledon Common, and Jean Cleghorn Dashwood, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Dashwood, of Arran Cottage, Wimbledon Common, were married at St. Mark's, North Audley Street, and have gone to America for their honeymoon

Paul — Martin Fayer

William Stuart Hamilton Paul and Diana Violet Anne Martin were married at All Saints', Ennismore Gardens. He is the elder son of Mr. and Mrs. Stuart Paul, of Freston Lodge, Ipswich, and she is the only daughter of the late Major W. F. Martin, and Mrs. Martin, of the Holt, Woodhouse, Loughborough

Bartman — Easton

Nico Bartman and Joan Margarette Easton were married at Holy Trinity, Kensington Gore. He is the son of the late Professor A. B. Bartman and Mrs. Bartman, of Stellenbosch, South Africa. She is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Herbert A. Easton, of 44, Orchard Court, Portman Square, W.1

O'Brien — Worrall

An Irish wedding took place at Rathcormac, Co. Cork, between Dermot O'Brien, son of Judge O'Brien, of 39, Ailesbury Road, Dublin, and Lorna Janet Worrall, daughter of the late Captain F. C. Worrall, and Mrs. McVeagh, of Kilshannig, Rathcormac, Co. Cork

Bartley — Burgess

George Allan Bartley, elder son of Lieut.-Col. and Mrs. B. C. Bartley, of Brandfold, Parktown, Johannesburg, and Nancy Burgess, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur J. W. Burgess, of 8, Stanley Gardens, N.W.3, were married at Holy Trinity, Brompton

Bell — McAlpine

Peter Henry Bell, son of Mr. and Mrs. Claude Bell, of Thorn Hey, Lache Lane, Chester, and Ethel Mary McAlpine, younger daughter of Sir Alfred and Lady McAlpine, of Marchwiel Hall, Wrexham, North Wales, were married at Marchwiel Parish Church

Evans — Hawkings

Arundel Gerald Evans, son of Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Evans, of Beverston Castle, Tetbury, Glos., and Alison Margaret Hawkings, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. Hawkings, of Dormers, Tetbury, were married at Tetbury Parish Church

Colville — Ellison

Captain Edward Hugh Colville, R.A., elder son of Captain H. D. Wakeman-Colville, R.N. (ret.), and Mrs. Wakeman-Colville, of Coton Hall, Bridgnorth, Salop., and Agnes Mary Ellison, daughter of Major and Mrs. Crauford Ellison, of Pit Folly, Wilton, Wilts., were married at Wilton Church

Cordy-Simpson — West

Captain John Roger Cordy-Simpson, 13th/18th Hussars, elder son of the late Major R. Cordy-Simpson, and Mrs. F. Bullock-Marsham, of Home Farm, Shrivenham, Berks., and Ursula Margaret West, daughter of Major and Mrs. A. T. West, of Barcote Manor, Faringdon, Berks., were married at All Saints', Faringdon

Martin — Gresson

Derek St. George Martin, younger son of Ernest Martin, of Ebworth Park, Stroud, Glos., and the late Mrs. Martin, and Pamela Mary Gresson, daughter of Lieut.-Col. and Mrs. R. H. A. Gresson, of Shipton Oliffe Manor, Andoversford, Glos., were married at St. Mary's, Cadogan Gardens

Whatman — Ritchie

James Dunbar Whatman, son of Major and Mrs. Arthur Whatman, of Walsham Hall, Suffolk, and Pamela Helen Ritchie, daughter of the late Lieut.-Col. the Hon. Harold Ritchie, and Mrs. E. J. H. Luxmoore, of 30, Draycott Place, S.W.3, were married at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge

Fox — Ainsworth

Nicholas St. Vigor Fox, third son of Sir John and Lady Fox, of Girsby Manor, Lincoln, and Iris Helen Hersey Ainsworth, daughter of Sir Thomas Ainsworth, of Ardanaiseig, Kilchrenan, Argyllshire, and Lady HolmPatrick, of Abbotstown, Castleknock, were married at Castleknock, Co. Dublin

(Concluded overleaf)

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Getting Married *(Continued)*

Catherine Bell

Priscilla Adams

Priscilla Adams is the daughter of Comdr. T. B. Adams, M.V.O., D.S.O., and Mrs. Adams, of 175, Ashley Gardens, S.W.1; her fiancé is John Drake Delano-Osborne, Royal Scots Fusiliers, only son of Major-General O. H. Delano-Osborne, of The Old Palace, Bekesbourne, Kent

Pearl Freeman

Rosemary Wills

Is the second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Cecil Wills, of Sherfield Court, near Basingstoke; she is to marry Charles Cubitt, second son of the late J. E. Cubitt and Mrs. Cubitt, of Graitney, Camberley, Surrey

Harlip

Bunny McLean

Evelyn Ruth (Bunny) McLean, younger daughter of Sir Robert and Lady McLean, of Five Oaks, Wentworth, Surrey, is engaged to Hugh Campbell, eldest son of Colonel Hugh Campbell, D.S.O., and Mrs. L. F. Maitland-Kirwan, of Gelston Castle, Kirkcudbrightshire, Scotland

Gifts at a glance . . .

Five suggestions chosen from Harrods inspiring selection in the Gift Department where gifts for every occasion, anniversary and season can be chosen at any time of the year.

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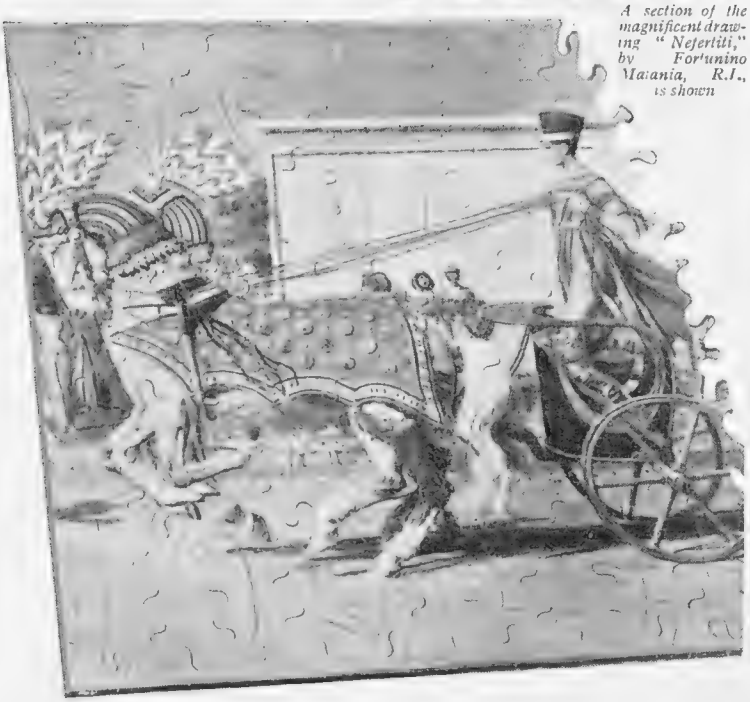

A section of the magnificent drawing "Nefertiti," by Fortunino Matania, R.I., is shown

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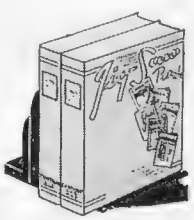

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What's On

The "Bystander's" Guide to London Amusements

May 3—May 9

THEATRES

Straight Plays

CANDIDA.—Catherine Lacey is the woman in a revival of Shaw's play about the parson, the wife and the poet: Westminster, 8.30.

THE CORN IS GREEN.—Emlyn Williams's biographical play is full of life; Sybil Thorndike as a go-ahead Welsh schoolmistress, Williams as her genius protégé: Duchess, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

DEAR OCTOPUS.—Cast headed by Marie Tempest, Valerie Taylor, Leon Quartermaine, John Gielgud does justice to Dodie Smith's family portraiture: Queen's, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

DESIGN FOR LIVING.—Noel Coward's triangle makes bright entertainment; Rex Harrison delightfully at home, Diana Wynyard and Anton Walbrook not quite: Haymarket, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE DOCTOR'S DILEMMA.—The Mask Theatre production from the Westminster of Shaw's style of *Citadel*, with Lydia Sherwood: Whitehall, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

FRENCH WITHOUT TEARS.—Cheap seats to see the hilarious comedy from the Criterion: Piccadilly, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

GAS LIGHT.—An excellent psychological thriller; Gwen Ffrangcon-Davies as Dennis Arundell's tortured wife, Milton Rosmer to the rescue: Apollo, 8.30. Tues., Sat., 2.30.

GENEVA.—Shaw's newest play is topical and stimulatingly Shavian; Cecil Trouncer, Donald Wolfit, Ernest Thesiger: St. James', 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

INTERLUDE.—Sarah Erskine and Louis Borell head the cast in a story of vicarious careerism: Duke of York's, 8.30.

JOHNSON OVER JORDAN.—Priestley's next-life pilgrimage with Ralph Richardson as the pilgrim: Saville, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

LITTLE LADYSHIP.—An improbable plot of a married girl who goes back to school is made good entertainment by Lilli Palmer and Cecil Parker: Aldwych, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

THE MAN IN HALF MOON STREET.—Another scientific thriller from the author of *Dr. Clitterhouse*; Leslie Banks leads a strong cast: New, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE MOTHER.—Louise Hampton is the centre of Karel Capek's moving play about folly and heroism in men: Playhouse, 8.30 (not Mon.). Wed., Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

ROBERT'S WIFE.—St. John Ervine's play about a parson married to a doctor; Owen Nares and Edith Evans; popular prices: Savoy, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

STRATFORD FESTIVAL.—Shakespeare's plays in his birthplace by a good company: Memorial Theatre, Stratford-on-Avon, 8. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

SUGAR PLUM.—Light conjugal comedy with Kay Hammond and Ronald Squire heading a good cast: Criterion, 8.40. Tues., Sat., 2.30.

THEY WALK ALONE.—Beatrix Lehmann makes a tour de force as a homicidal nymphomaniac in this strong thriller: Shaftesbury, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THIRD PARTY RISK.—Nora Swinburne leads in this play about circumstances and a behaviour problem: St. Martin's, 8.30. Fri., 2.30.

TONY DRAWS A HORSE.—Good light entertainment at the expense of Lilian Braithwaite's respectability outraged by Diana Churchill: Strand, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

WHEN WE ARE MARRIED.—Priestley's hilarious comedy pokes fun at Yorkshire morality: Princes, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

A WOMAN'S PRIVILEGE.—The lively story of a gold-digger's progress, played by Phyllis Calvert: Kingsway, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

THE WOMEN.—Claire Boothe's play hands raps to most of her sex in a bright, big, all-American production led by Karen Peterson: Lyric, 8.30. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

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With Music

BLACK AND BLUE.—Frances Day and Vic Oliver head a lively cast and chorus in this "intimate rag": Hippodrome, 6.30 and 9.

THE DANCING YEARS.—Glamorous Vienna of waltzes with a 1938 pro- and epilogue to avoid démode, is the setting for Ivor Novello's new musical with Mary Ellis and Roma Beaumont: Drury Lane, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

FARJEON'S LITTLE REVUE.—The author and the cast (Hermione Baddeley, Cyril Ritchard, etc.) of *Nine Sharp* turn further witty lights on contemporary phenomena: Little, 9. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

THE GATE REVUE.—Walter Crisham and Hermione Gingold head the cast in this witty Christmas piece turned perennial: Ambassadors, 9. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

ME AND MY GIRL.—Lupino Lane and George Graves hand out laughs generously in the lowdown on high life: Victoria Palace, 6.20 and 9.

REVUDEVILLE No. 119.—Unique and intimate style of entertainment in a cosy theatre; ballet, humour, song and slapstick are mixed topically with revudebelles to flavour: Windmill, 1.30-11.30 non-stop.

Four-Faced

A dance by girls masked like this makes a quaint effect in the long, spectacular "Bal Tabarin" floor-show at the re-opened London Casino

THESE FOOLISH THINGS.—The Crazy Gang's show is excellent entertainment value, with a lot of old friends and some new: Palladium, 6.15 and 9. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

UNDER YOUR HAT.—Jack Hulbert and Cicely Courtneidge's return to musical comedy is a glorious roar from start to finish: Palace, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

Variety

VARIETIES can be seen in London at the Coliseum (6.25 and 9); the Holborn Empire (6.20 and 9); and the Prince of Wales' (2-11.30 non-stop).

First Night

THE INTRUDER.—Postponed first night of Mauriac's renamed *Asmodée*, with Eric Portman and Jill Furse: Wyndham's, to-night, 3rd.

CINEMAS

BLACK EYES (French).—Simone Simon and Harry Baur in a pre-war Russian romance drama woven round the famous song: Berkeley.

LA BÊTE HUMAINE (French).—Jean Gabin, Simone Simon in a sombre, strong film almost true to Zola's original: Paris.

THE FOUR FEATHERS (British).—Korda's latest from Mason's book has John Clements, Ralph Richardson, C. Aubrey Smith, June Duprez: Odeon.

LES GENS DU VOYAGE (French).—A magnificent, vivid canvas of circus life by Jacques Feyder with Françoise Rosay: Academy.

GUNGA DIN (American).—Fairbanks Junior, McLaglen, Cary Grant in a welter of Kipling spirit in India: Marble Arch Pavilion.

THE LADY'S FROM KENTUCKY (American).—George Raft, Ellen Drew, in a South-savoured story: Plaza.

LOVE AFFAIR (American).—Charles Boyer and Irene Dunne act well in a simple, charming romance: Carlton.

MADE FOR EACH OTHER (American).—Carole Lombard and James Stewart in a well-acted exposition of domestic troubles and joys: London Pavilion.

NAPLES AU BAISER DU FEU (French).—A romantic realistic Neapolitan tale with Tino Rossi and his voice, Mireille Balin, Viviane Romance: Studio One.

THREE SMART GIRLS GROW UP (American).—Deanna Durbin and her friends again, as charming and musical as ever: Leicester Square.

TROIS VALSES (French).—From a successful play, this film tells the story of three generations' loves; Yvonne Printemps, Pierre Fresnay: Curzon.

WUTHERING HEIGHTS (American).—Merle Oberon, Laurence Olivier, Flora Robson, David Niven in this film of the Brontë novel: Gaumont.

OPERA and BALLET

COVENT GARDEN:

TURANDOT (Lambert).—To-night, 3rd, 8.15.

TANNHÄUSER (Weingartner).—Thurs., 4th, 7.45.

PARSIFAL (Weingartner).—Fri., 5th, 5.45.

TANNHAUSER (Weingartner).—Mon., 8th, 7.45.

TOSCA (Gui).—Tues., 9th, 8.30.

SADLER'S WELLS:

HUGH THE DROVER.—Wed., 3rd, 8.

WEDDING BOUQUET, CHECKMATE, FAÇADE.—Thurs., 4th, 8.30.

RIGOLETTO.—Fri., 5th, 8.

HUGH THE DROVER.—Sat., 6th, 2.30.

MADAM BUTTERFLY.—Sat., 6th, 8.

DER ROSENKAVALIER.—Tues., 9th, 7.45.

HUNGARIAN RHAPSODY.—This is the title of the dance programme by the ballet company of the Opera House, Budapest: Adelphi, 8.30. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

MUSIC

Recitals:

GIGLI.—Albert Hall, Sun., 7th, 3.

HUBERMAN.—Queen's Hall, Tues., 9th, 8.30.

London Music Festival:

B.B.C. CONCERT.—The orchestra under Toscanini in Beethoven's 1st and 2nd symphonies, Egmont and Prometheus overtures: Queen's Hall, to-night, 3rd, 8.15.

CHORAL CONCERT.—Four choral societies, headed by the R.C.S., three soloists and the L.S.O. under Sargent in Elgar's "Dream of Gerontius," Serenade for Strings: Albert Hall, Fri., 5th, 8.15.

ROBERT MAYER CHILDREN'S CONCERT.—The L.S.O. under Sargent in an all-English programme—Purcell, Williams, Handel, Elgar, Delius, Holst: Queen's Hall, Sat., 6th, 11 a.m.

B.B.C. CONCERT.—The orchestra under Boult in Beethoven's Grosse Fuge for Strings, third and fifth piano concertos (Backhaus): Queen's Hall, Sun., 7th, 3.

B.B.C. CONCERT.—The orchestra under Toscanini in the 3rd and 4th symphonies, "Coriolan" overture: Queen's Hall, Mon., 8th, 8.15.

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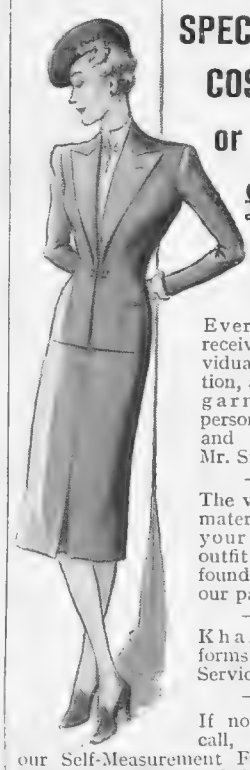

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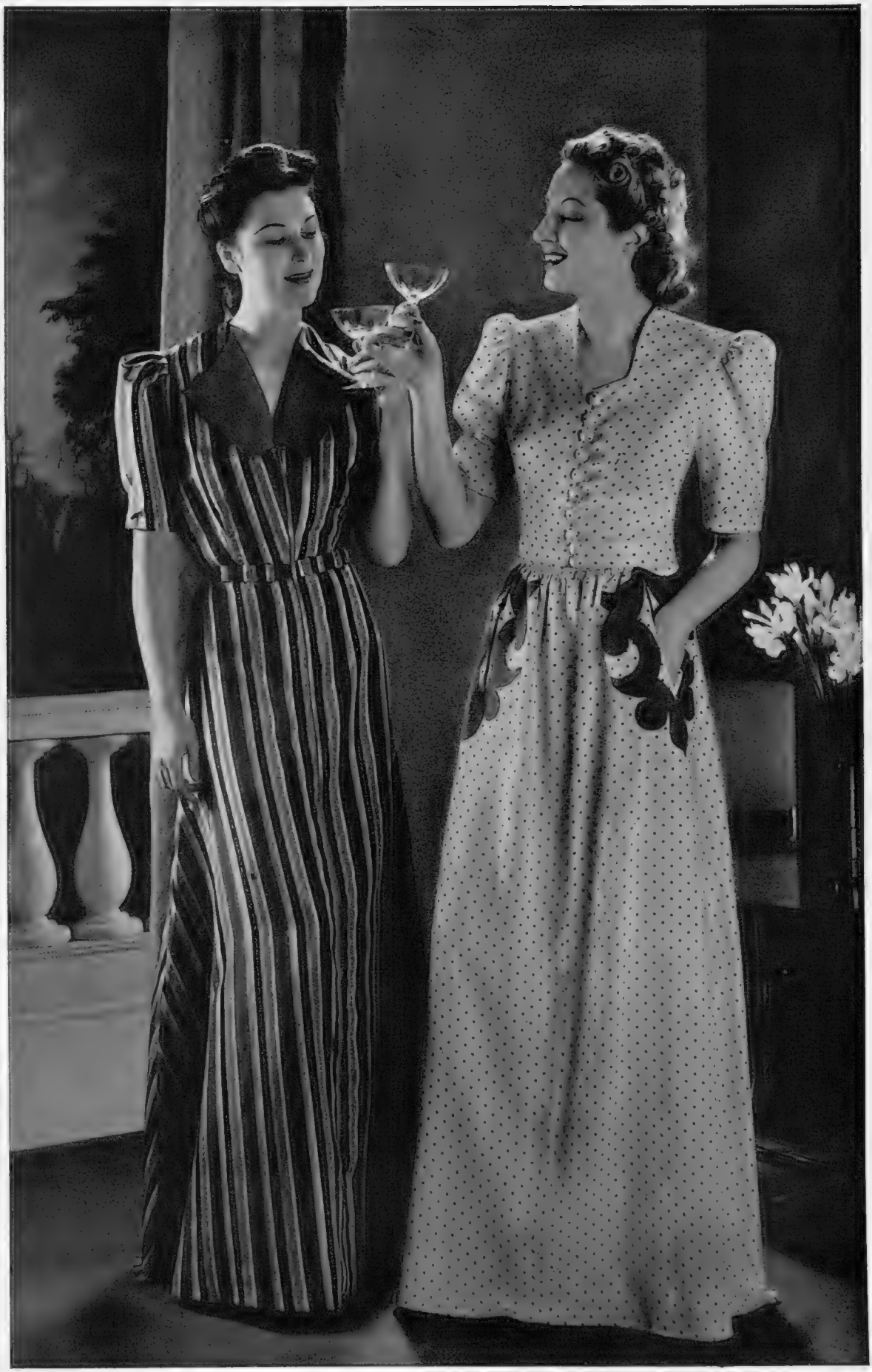
Fashion as it flies . . .

by Elizabeth



Scott Bushe

WHEN you have had a tiring day in town and come home prepared to savour the cool of the evening from your own open window, then is the time to wear a house-coat that will make you forget the day's excitements and encourage you to present a leisured front. Most of the house-coats at Marshall and Snelgrove, Oxford Street, look like dinner dresses, and are intended to be worn as such, particularly for dining "in." Ask to see "Romance," a very grand affair in black taffeta printed with rose-buds. Typical perhaps of the less formal of the American house-coats is the spotted linen one shown on the right. It is in lime-green linen with petunia dots, and a more satisfactory colour scheme would be hard to find. You 'll feel cool and rested as soon as you look at it. It washes, of course, and the price is £5 5s. The striped coat, which is very elegant and slenderising, is made in taffeta and has a slide fastener down the front. The collar is faced with one of the predominating colours of the stripe and can be buttoned across when you feel a high neck will conform to your mood. You can have these gypsy stripes in shades of blue and mauve or in greeny colourings. The price is 59/6. Ask for the Tea Gown Department on the first floor

Success in Print

Scott Bushe

AS a debutante you will have—or you have had—a press-cutting book gratifyingly full of news of yourself in print. Here is another way of being a success in print. Printed frocks are as popular as ever, and you will enjoy selecting one which expresses your personality and suits your colouring at the same time. With this year's variety it is possible to do just that. If youthful sophistication is your "line" you will like the dress above, which is not, as it appears, lace, but printed chiffon. A black lace-like design is printed on pale blue, and real black lace outlines the hem and trims the bodice. It would be a charming cocktail frock for a young girl. Swan and Edgar, of Piccadilly Circus, have it, for 5½ guineas. Perhaps you are thoughtful, quiet, reserved: then have a look at the stripy print in the other picture. The colour scheme is unusual, but charming. Blue and green roses blow against a background of black which shades to beige, and are divided by pink lines. Each pink stripe is finished in front with a tiny bow. This frock costs £7 7s., and will look worth double when you wear it with black accessories

the bystander twins in search of novelties

discovered by pera, pictured by pam

The nursery lamp below comes from Swan and Edgar, of Piccadilly Circus, and its shade is felt, and lined so that the light is a soft one and does not injure the child's eyes. Lovely in pale blue, appliquéd with brightly coloured nursery animals, but also in pink, yellow or green, for 15/11

Your bridge winnings can be kept in this appropriately decorated zip purse from Swan and Edgar. Well worth its 1/11. The "glove" holds a pocket comb and costs 1/-. These are also to be found on the lower ground floor

Marshall and Snelgrove's new evening box-bag has many ingenious fittings inside, contains all you will want or need, and manages to leave room for your handkerchief as well. Ask to see it on the ground floor and notice its prystal fittings

Twins are apparently fashionable; at least, Marshall and Snelgrove, of Oxford Street, are selling twin gilt frogs to wear on suit lapel or frock. Sold in pairs only, 7/6. The gilt necklace with its antique enamel pendants is exquisitely fragile-looking and has the appearance of a real heirloom. Wear it with evening dresses, but watch it, for younger sisters may take more than a passing fancy to it

The woman who takes an interest in her garden will appreciate this "apronette" from Robinson and Cleaver, of Regent Street. It has two sturdy pockets, a slot for raffia, and a clip for the kneeling-mat. The apron is brief but strong and efficient, and will never trip you up. The kneeling-mat is waterproof underneath, of course. 5/-

Motoring Commentary

By Alan C. Hess

A WEEK or so back I wrote about the boom which our motor industry has been enjoying during the past month or so. The registration figures for February have just been issued by the Ministry of Transport, and they bear out my remarks in no uncertain manner.

The total number of new vehicles registered was 33,907, compared with 30,332 in February, 1938, the figures for the several classes being :

	February, 1939.	February, 1938.
Cars taxed on horse-power - -	23,509	19,039
Motor cycles -	3,112	2,864
Hackney vehicles -	430	513
Goods vehicles -	4,617	5,238
Other vehicles -	2,239	2,678
	33,907	30,332

The New Series "E" Morris "Eight"
Mr. Hess discusses it this week

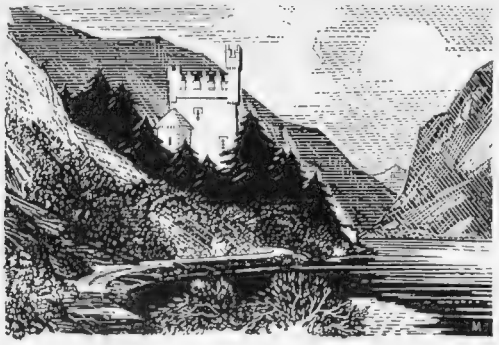
On the sales side the Society of Motor Manufacturers and Traders have issued a return for the same period, which shows the remarkable increase over February, 1938, of 23·48 per cent. The increase for the five months ended February, 1939, compared with the same period last year, was 8·17 per cent. Production of private cars in the United Kingdom during February last was 5243 units higher than in February, 1938.

DURING February it is estimated that 4,561,000 more gallons of motor fuel were used than in February, 1938. In February last there were 127,373 more private cars in use than in February, 1938. It is estimated that there were well over 2,000,000 motor vehicles in use this Easter.

REALLY, Major Gardner is extraordinarily unlucky in his plans for his record attempts. The attempts themselves always seem to go off in the approved hitchless manner, but delays and anxieties during the periods of preparation for them are legion. Last year, no sooner had he planned when and where he would go out, than the international situation made it necessary for him to abandon that idea and start from scratch again. That happened repeatedly. Ill-luck still seems to pursue him in his preliminaries for his new attempt.

After much casting about for a suitable course he eventually decided definitely to take his car out on to the Dessau autobahn at the end of last month. This time everything seemed to be going smoothly enough and then, just when he was on the point of leaving, it was announced that, owing to minor engine trouble with his M.G., it had become necessary to postpone the attempt

(*Concluded on page* N)



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YOU'LL BE HAPPIEST IN IRELAND

10 h.p. motoring at its Best

The highly successful Vauxhall Ten is now in its second year. A policy of consistent improvement has been followed, with the result that over 25,000 have been sold.

OVER 40 M.P.G.

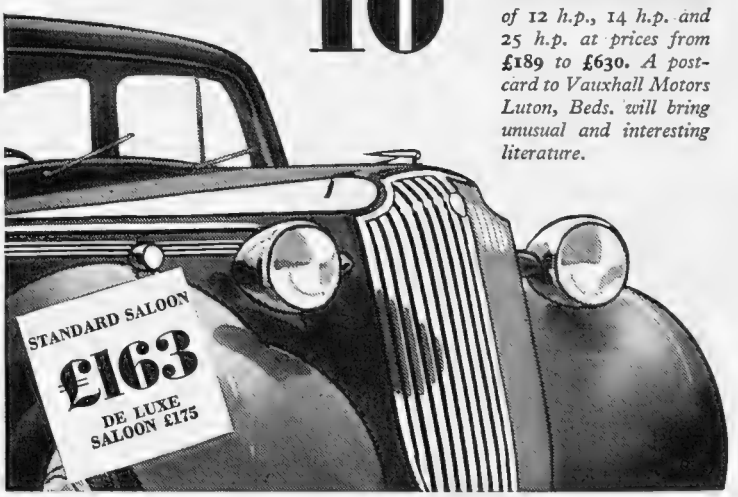
You can buy a cheaper car, but you cannot buy cheaper *real motoring*. Although a small Vauxhall, this Ten is by no means a small car. Yet it has baby car running costs (over 40 m.p.g. with normal driving). It is lively, but is also roomy; smart; comfortable; *safe*. The Vauxhall all-steel principles of construction are now being adopted by other prominent manufacturers. But still Vauxhall leads. Together with many other advantages, it offers the riding comfort of the special Vauxhall system of independent suspension. If you are used to ordinary motoring, why not ring the nearest Vauxhall Dealer to-day? He'll gladly let you drive a Ten without obligation.

MECHANICAL FEATURES INCLUDE: All-steel chassis-less construction: trouble-free independent springing: controlled synchromesh: hydraulic brakes: overhead valves: six-phase carburation: fully counter-weighted crankshaft: compensated voltage control.

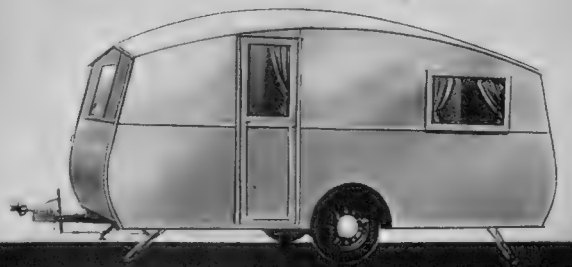
EQUIPMENT INCLUDES Safety glass all round: self-cancelling direction indicators: twin mechanical windscreen wipers: rear side arm rests: body conformity front seats (adjustable): Luggage boot at rear. On de Luxe Saloon (£175) No-draught Ventilation, sliding roof, etc.

VAUXHALL 10

There are also Vauxhalls of 12 h.p., 14 h.p. and 25 h.p. at prices from £189 to £630. A post-card to Vauxhall Motors Luton, Beds. will bring unusual and interesting literature.



A Caravan for 4 people—



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The ECCLES *"National"*
at £130

Holdens

A British Car in "Mexico"

This scene is a film-set at Brooklands, built to represent an aerodrome in Mexico. The smart car waiting to dash the hero—or villain—to his rendezvous is a 4½-litre Bentley with a Hooper two-seater drophead coupé body

Motoring Commentary

(*Continued from page* L)

until about the end of the first week in May. So we ought to be hearing any time now that he has realised his life's ambition of driving the first baby car to clock 200 m.p.h.

CAPTAIN G. E. T. EYSTON, holder of the world's land speed record, is to present the prizes at the conclusion of the "Morris Owner" Rally at Donington race-track on Sunday, June 4.

Among the events in the Rally are a Concours d'Elegance and Motoring Gymkhana, including speed judging and reversing contests, both of which will be held on the track itself. Morris owners who are considering entering are reminded of the fact that they have an excellent chance of winning one of the valuable trophies or prizes, as trade entries are strictly barred, so that all competitors have an equal chance of winning.

And, talking of Morris, I have never driven any very small car which was so responsive and "peppy," and which inspired such a delightful feeling of safety as the new Morris "Eight." It holds the road marvellously and it is absolutely "right" as concerns steering, brakes, visibility and comfort.

I must confess that, until the last few weeks, I have been rather out of touch with very small car development, and it has come as a considerable surprise to me to discover how vastly they have improved even during the past twelve months. Not so long ago light cars were a bit of a handful at any sort of speed, and showed a tendency to yaw in a high wind, while on grease one had—to borrow a phrase from Richard Seaman—to "be very tactful with the accelerator"! There is nothing like this about the Series "E" Morris "Eight." It is a delightful "ride," smooth, tractable, and eminently manœuvrable. Considering its price—the two-seater is only £132 10s. and the tourer but fifty shillings more, while the two-door saloon is £128 (sliding head £11 extra), and the four-door saloon £139 (sliding head £10 extra)—the refinements included in the specification are truly remarkable. Foot-dimmer for the head-lamps, self-cancelling trafficators, Lockheed hydraulic brakes, anti-glare illumination for the nicely-grouped instrument-panel—these are but four of the specification items which distinguish this first-rate engineering job. No wonder it is selling so well!

NEXT Saturday's International Trophy Race looks like being a very exhilarating affair. Never before has such a big field of E.R.A. cars appeared in any one race. These cars form one-half of the entry, and chief interest will focus on the two latest productions, to be driven by Raymond Mays and Arthur Dobson, which will be making their first appearance.

Another car which has not been seen before in England is the newest type Italian Maserati, to be driven by Reggie Tongue. This car is in the same class as the new E.R.A.s. Other makes represented include Alfa Romeo, Alta, Riley, and M.G.

When he returns to England next week, H.R.H. Prince Chula of Siam will decide which car—Maserati or E.R.A.—shall be driven by his cousin, "B. Bira." "Bira," who has built up such a splendid reputation whilst racing under an English licence, will, for the first time, be driving under Siamese colours.

The race starts at three o'clock with an Indianapolis type—perhaps the most spectacular feature of all.

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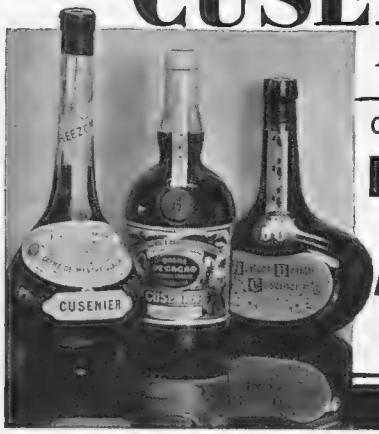

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THE TRUTH IS ALWAYS SIMPLE!

For instance, our dear Charlady exclaimed the other morning: "They fair took me breath away, them being so lovely." Being a woman at heart, they stole her's as they would any woman's. "Lovely" is only a mild description—but breath-taking they really are, creations every one for the adornment of lovely women. Such beautiful, beautiful, BEAUTIFUL hats can only be seen at one place in this big London of ours. If you are passing, drop in at our little shop in Hanover Square, Number 4—we are on the sunny side.

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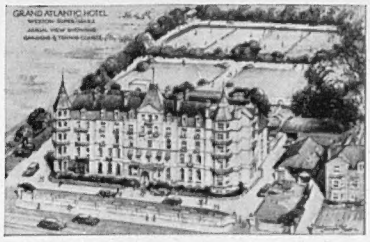

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IF you ever wake up with a headache or a brain that can't seem to concentrate, there's no need to struggle against it all day. But it's no good taking something that just relieves the pain. You're suffering from what doctors call an "acid condition," and you *must* correct that acidity, if you're to feel fit and fresh.

That is why a sparkling glass of 'Bromo-Seltzer' is much the best way to cure a headache. It stops the headache almost instantly, and it completely counteracts the acidity without any awkward laxative effect.

If you have a headache or feel as if you were suffering from a "morning-after," take a glass of 'Bromo-Seltzer'; you will be amazed how soon your head will clear, how quickly you will feel better in every way. And you will *be* better, too. For 'Bromo-Seltzer's' alkalising elements will have counteracted the acids which cause your trouble. 'Bromo-Seltzer' is simply grand for Headaches, Nervousness, Brain Fatigue, Indigestion and the effects of too much work, worry, smoking, drinking, etc.

Get a 1/3 bottle of 'Bromo-Seltzer' from Boots, Timothy Whites, Taylors, Heppells or any Chemist to-day. If you don't find it the best headache cure you ever tried, get your money back.

The Quickest and Best way to cure any type of headache —a sparkling glass of 'BROMO-SELTZER' Contains NO Aspirin

LOVE GAME

Winning or losing the game won't matter terribly if you collect all the points for chic in a Braemar outfit. This is a love of a twin set in a cobweb weight cashmere. Short sleeved sweater costs 27/6. Cardigan with new high button opening costs 36/6. Looks stunning in pastels. Do write for New Spring Booklet (to address below)—it shows lots of new styles and the 1939 range of colours.

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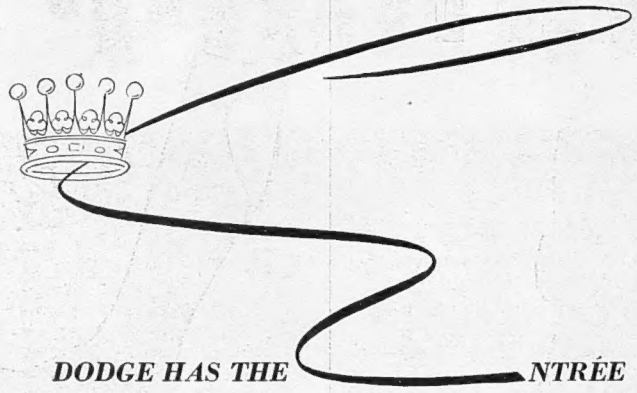

DODGE HAS THE ENTRÉE

Etiquette forbids us to use for publicity purposes the names of titled Dodge owners. Nevertheless, when we look at a list of recent purchasers, we are proud that a Dodge should have been the final choice of so many people to whom dignity and restraint, comfort and superb quality in every detail are the first essentials. If you too, look for the same features in a car, you will find that a Dodge gives all you ask —plus certain engineering developments such as Dual-Power Transmission and Steering Column Gear Control, which, from the driver's point of view, put the 1939 Dodge in a class of its own.

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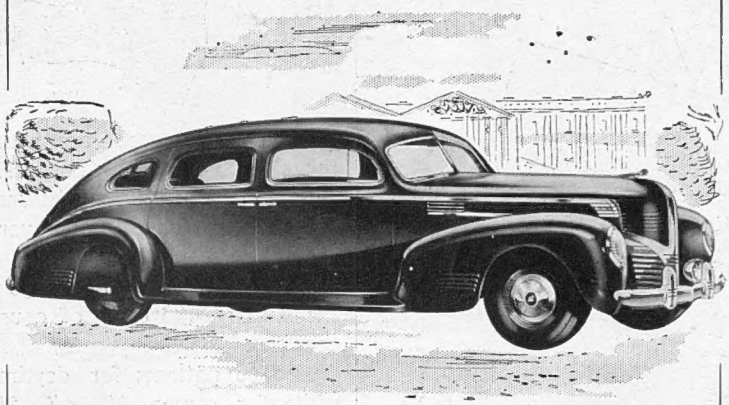

The Dodge De Luxe Six 8-Seater Passenger Saloon £520

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Indeed the three wheelbases and six body types offered by the 12 and 6-cylinder Lagonda range may claim to cover all accepted requirements in their own category.
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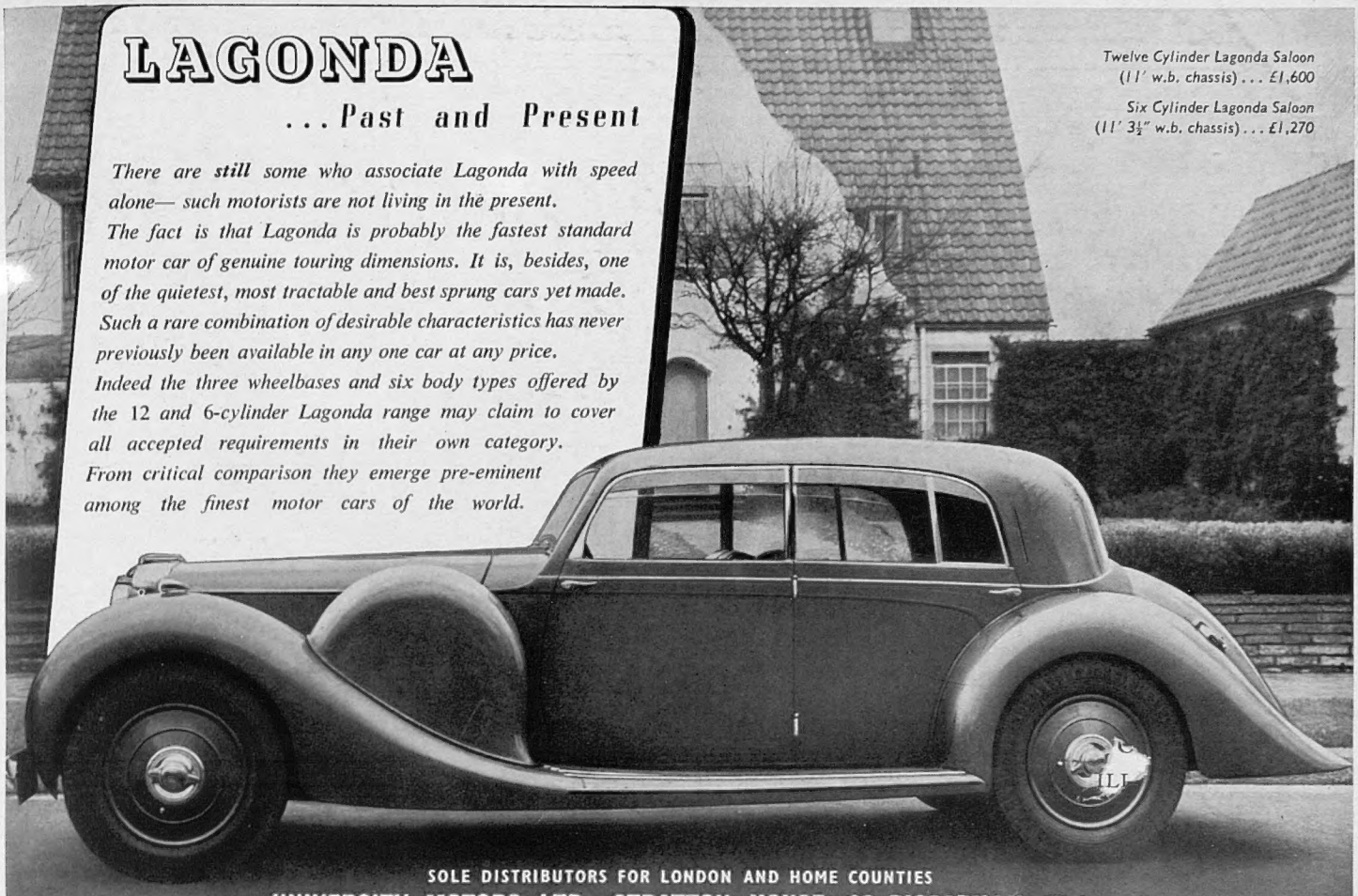
Six Cylinder Lagonda Saloon (11′ 3½″ w.b. chassis)... £1,270



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